

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

MAN-POWER AND THE COMMONWEALTH

HENRY DRUMMOND-WOLFF

MALAN: CALVINIST AND RACE THEORIST

L. E. NEAME

CHRISTMAS AND MR. PUNCH

BERNARD DARWIN

A TIME FOR HOPING

ERIC GILLETT

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND ENGLISH EDUCATION

A. L. ROWSE

WITH OTHER ARTICLES OR BOOK REVIEWS BY DENYS SMITH,
ANDRÉ STIBIO, PROFESSOR W. L. BURN, LADY EVE BALFOUR,
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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

NOVEMBER is known to be a month of bad weather. But this November the international weather has been worse than usual. United Nations forces have encountered serious opposition in North Korea; the Chinese have invaded Tibet; and the outlook is no brighter in Indo-China. Meanwhile agreement appears to have been reached, at any rate in principle, that the Western Germans should be rearmed as partners in the anti-Communist front in Europe.

Lord Salisbury's Speech

ON November 15 Lord Salisbury made a very important speech in the House of Lords. In calling attention to the deepening crisis in the world, he sought to appraise Russian motives. These were probably, he thought, compounded of doctrinaire Communism, old-fashioned imperialism, and fear. To the first two the only answer was strength—physical preparedness and resolution. But to the last the only possible answer was diplomacy. He urged the Government not to be content with a purely negative attitude towards Soviet Russia. The time had come, he felt, “when another effort might well be made at the highest level . . . to reach a settlement, or at least some sort of *modus vivendi*, with Russia.” For the only alternative was “a steady drift to war.”

The Conservative Approach

EVER since Mr. Churchill made his memorable speech at Edinburgh during the last General Election campaign, “conciliation from strength” has been the keynote of Conservative foreign policy. Previously—though a hint of the new approach had already been given at Llandudno—more attention had been paid to the differences between “East” and

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"West," and to the need for anti-Soviet measures, than to any possibility of a *détente*. No doubt the reason for this was that Mr. Churchill feared the revival of pacifism in this country and of isolationism in the United States. Until these dangers had been conclusively averted, he was bound to dwell upon the dark and negative side of the picture. This may be described as his Fulton period.

But the Edinburgh speech inaugurated a new period, and Lord Salisbury's speech is an example of the more positive statesmanship to which Conservative leaders now feel able to commit themselves. The diplomatic deadlock, which Mr. Bevin and his colleagues seem to accept as an immutable fact, is mildly but firmly criticised. "I sometimes feel," said Lord Salisbury, "with very great diffidence . . . that it is on this side, on the diplomatic side, that our policy and the policy of the United States has somehow failed." And he advised the Government to facilitate negotiations with Russia. "Do not let them ask beyond reason for this pre-condition and that pre-condition for a meeting. That would merely—and we had better face it—be to kill the conference stone dead before it took place."

We most strongly endorse these opinions.

Communist Successes

ASIAN Communism has staged a considerable come-back after the failure of its aggression in South Korea. The Chinese are clearly anxious to "save face" by preventing the United Nations from asserting their authority over the whole of Korea, and by invading with impunity the remote plateau of Tibet.

These developments are certainly alarming: but we hope that they may, as a compensation, so alarm India and Pakistan that these two great countries will come together in face of the common threat. We hope, too, that General MacArthur will be advised to keep clear of impossible commitments. The unity and democratic purity of Korea may be desirable: but world peace is very much more so.

III Effects in Malaya

MALAYA is happily still beyond the reach of direct Chinese aggression, though not of Chinese influence; and there, as elsewhere, the situation has deteriorated in the past month. It is not fair to blame the Malayan Government or the military command for this, because it is due entirely to events outside Malaya's own boundaries. Of these the reverse inflicted on the United Nations command in North Korea, and French misfortunes in Indo-China, have been the worst.

A very considerable part of the Malayan population is acutely sensitive to every turn in the struggle between Communism and its antagonists wherever that struggle is openly engaged. A month ago it seemed that Communist aggression was being effectively held or deterred on all the

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critical fronts: but the confidence founded on the liberation of South Korea has since been shattered by Communist successes, not only in North Korea, but also in Viet-Nam and Tibet, and the consequence is that many Malayan Chinese who were beginning to aid us in various ways are now back upon the fence.

This emphasises the importance, on the one hand, of moderate counsels in Korea and, on the other, of the strongest possible forward action in Malaya and Viet-Nam. General Briggs is now, as we go to press, home from Malaya after having proved his capacity for the anti-bandit campaign, and we trust that he will be given all possible reinforcement without delay.

The Need for Firmness

IT is also vital to remember that Malayan morale is immediately affected by a British surrender to extremism in any other part of the Colonial Empire. The world is a huge sounding-board in these unsettled times, and Communist propaganda is insistent on the theme that "Western imperialism" is everywhere on the run. There are only two answers to this. One is to show a ready and practical sympathy with adolescent nationalism and its desire for self-government in every way that will fit it for the responsibility at which it aims; the other is to prove that irresponsible agitation will not intimidate us into premature retreats and abdications which are inconsistent with that aim. The pitiful weakness of recent British policy in West Africa has encouraged the violent and discredited the moderate, not only in other parts of Africa, but in Malaya as well. Our whole Colonial policy seems rudderless and cannot too soon have firmer hands at the helm.

Egypt Gesticulates

THE latest Speech from the Throne in Egypt is not of good omen for peace and security in the Middle East. No one can complain of the statement that the Treaty of 1936 "has ceased to be a suitable basis for Anglo-Egyptian relations." For five years and more that has not been in dispute. But the Treaty cannot be denounced unilaterally, nor can it be ended by agreement until some better arrangement is ready to take its place. This is not a selfish British interest; it is of equal concern to all the many Eastern and Western peoples whose security depends upon the prevention of aggression against the Middle East. Wise Egyptians know that it is of equal concern to Egypt herself.

It is not, moreover, peculiar to Egypt that her defence is of great strategical importance for the maintenance of world peace. Her Middle Eastern neighbours are in the same position; and so are Britain and other European States. All the peoples who value freedom in the Western sense are in fact bound together by a vital common interest; and those who hold the more important strategic areas are fortunate in being able

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to count upon the support of others, instead of having to ensure their own security at their own sole cost.

Nationalism and the Nile

THIS being so, it is strange that Egypt should regard the support which others are anxious to give her as an affront to her national self-esteem. The rest of the free world may smile at her conception of what constitutes an affront; other proud peoples, such as the Turks and the British, have nothing but appreciation for affronts of the same character. But Egypt's history has made her brand of nationalism exceptionally suspicious, sensitive and intransigent. That is a fact for which all who understand Egypt can make allowances: but it is at this time of emergency a most inconvenient fact and it must in some way be tackled.

This might be easier, perhaps, if it were possible to meet Egyptian sentiment on the subject of the Sudan. It is, of course, inconceivable that the rights of the Sudanese should be disregarded by the United Nations any more than by ourselves: but it is at least possible that Egypt's present attitude might be modified by a reference of the issue to international opinion at Lake Success, provided that the Sudanese themselves were enabled to state their case. And the Nile Valley anyway deserves attention under President Truman's Point Four.

Otherwise, we can only hope that Egypt may come to realise that no nation in the whole free world is now capable of providing single-handed for its own defence. The air factor alone has put that out of court; and if it had not done so, self-sufficiency would be ruled out by the crippling burden of its cost.

A Double Insecurity

SOCIAL insecurity within a country is, moreover, as dangerous to its freedom as military insecurity against external attack, and Egypt's present social conditions do not make for stability. It was generally hoped throughout the West that the return of Nahas Pasha to power would give the Egyptian people a Government which appreciated that truth and was prepared to act on it: but that unhappily has so far proved an illusion. If indeed the strong national urge for social reform is to be much longer diverted and delayed by appeals to xenophobia, the danger of widespread internal unrest may soon be grave: but we find it difficult to believe that King Farouk and his advisers will indefinitely prefer a combination of internal and external insecurity to a co-operative policy, which will meet the need of the country in both spheres.

Attention to the Middle East

WE must, however, recognise that the danger overhanging Egypt, in common with the rest of the Middle East, may well seem nebulous

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to Egyptians, so long as the measures of the Atlantic consortium to meet it by arrangement with Turkey and other neighbouring States remain as vague as they are at present. It is by no means impossible that the climate of opinion in Egypt would change very quickly if Middle Eastern security were given the urgency in North Atlantic defence plans which is unquestionably its due. Western Europe must come first: but it can never be secure without attention to the Middle East, and we are certain that, however politicians may blink that fact, the Chiefs of Staff are vividly alive to it.

The Defence Problem

HOW immense is the defence problem and how inadequate the present measures for solving it appears all too plainly from a new and valuable Chatham House report, *Defence in the Cold War* (Royal Institute of International Affairs, 5s.). The report was prepared by a strong group (or committee) whose chairman was Major-General Sir Ian Jacob, a member of Mr. Churchill's Central Defence Staff during the war. The immediate defence problem, the group consider, is to get "sufficient divisions and aircraft on to the Continent to ensure that there is no repetition of Korean adventures and that the weaker nations have the confidence and zeal to build up their national forces around an Anglo-American core." Since the Western Powers now have less than one-tenth of the 5,000 jet fighters and 1,000 tactical bombers required as a first-line force to meet the 10,000 first-line tactical aircraft which the Soviet Union could deploy against the West in the initial stages of an offensive, it is not surprising that the group "wish to state emphatically that present rearmament plans do not appear adequate."

Short-term and Long-term Needs

FOR Britain and her Allies they rightly give absolute priority to the defence of Western Europe. This demands more British and American infantry and armour on the Continent as soon as possible. It also calls for an adequate tactical air force, improved fighter defences, and full equipment and manning of the warning and control organisation of Western air defence. Other urgent short-term priorities include formal defence arrangements for the Middle East, in which the United States would have a part, and, failing other measures, at least a Commonwealth agreement on defence in Southern Asia. As for longer-term prospects, the group state "emphatically" that "thirty divisions is a quite inadequate force to prevent the overrunning of Western Europe by a hundred Soviet divisions." Security for Western Europe means holding the line of the Elbe, which, they think, could be assured "only by a minimum of 50 to 55 divisions, at least a third of them armoured, and at least a third of them ready for action on the spot in Germany."

There may well be disagreement with some of the assumptions and

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conclusions of this closely reasoned, informed and far-seeing report: but the realism which inspires it is above challenge. The gap between the recommendations in this report and actual defence plans provides the measure of the ground which the Western Powers must now make up with the utmost speed and urgency.

The Housing Debate

THE Government maintained its hair's-breadth majority during the Debate on the Address: but its credit was certainly not enhanced by its performance in the discussion on Housing, which was ably initiated by Mr. Marples from the Conservative benches. Mr. Churchill was the last speaker for the Opposition, and the Prime Minister had unwisely said that Mr. Bevan would "wipe the floor" with him. In fact, Mr. Bevan did not even *take* the floor after Mr. Churchill: Mr. McNeil was deputed to wind up for the Government. Nor had the Minister of Health sufficient confidence in his case to follow directly upon Mr. Marples. At the end of the day Conservative arguments were substantially unshaken; and they have since been reinforced by a report from the House of Commons Select Committee on Estimates, which recommends that Government bulk buying of timber should cease.

"Anarchy" (Mr. Bevan's Usage)

MR. BEVAN'S speech in this debate contained even more invective (including a personal attack on Mr. Marples) and even less solid argument than usual. It also contained one very surprising statement which has not, we think, attracted the notice it deserves. Speaking of the building industry, he said:—

It is the most anarchist industry of all. It is the one industry that has all the qualities of unrestricted private enterprise and yet is the most anarchist and inefficient of them all. *Anyone can enter the building industry when he likes or can leave it when he likes.* (Our italics.)

If that is anarchy, then what, Mr. Bevan, is freedom?

A Rump Divided

IT would be hard to imagine more absurd political behaviour than that of the Liberal remnant in the House of Commons during the Debate on the Address. On the Conservative Housing amendment, four Liberals voted with the Opposition, three with the Government, and two were paired with Socialists. Five Liberals voted for the Conservative amendment on Controls, while three abstained and one was paired with a Socialist. But the strangest exhibition of all was the failure of three Liberals to vote for the *Liberal* amendment on the cost of living;

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and one of these abstainers was Lady Megan Lloyd George, Mr. Clement Davies's deputy in the House of Commons, *who had previously put her name to the amendment!*

It is right that minorities should be repected: but not when their representatives behave like this.

The Liberal Vote

WE hope that many of those "Conservatives" who see in fusion with the Liberals the best chance of defeating the Socialists at the next election will not have overlooked an interesting letter from Mr. H. A. Taylor, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on November 7. Mr. Taylor was Conservative candidate in the recent bye-election in North-East Leicester, where he won for the Party a 9 per cent. larger share of the poll than in February, while the Socialist vote rose by only 1 per cent. "Of course," said Mr. Taylor,

addicts of the new astrology of electoral arithmetic declared dogmatically that Liberal votes must have helped substantially to make that difference. (But) I can testify that the mechanism of canvassing and "telling" revealed no signs of appreciable Liberal support. . . .

And he concluded:—

Conservatives would do better to direct their efforts to winning the confidence of those numerous reasonable electors who have voted Socialist in recent years . . . than to wooing people so unrealistic as to believe that the Liberal glory of 1906 will return. (We) have already secured the support of nearly all the Liberals who are likely to turn our way.

So much for the philanderers!

Sir Edward Boyle, M.P.

THE newspapers have rightly taken note of the recent bye-election result at Handsworth, because it has provided further evidence that the Conservative Party is gaining ground in the country. But we believe that history will be less concerned with the voting analysis of this election than with the personality of the successful candidate.

It will not be Sir Edward Boyle's fault if he does not become one of the most famous Parliamentarians of the present century. He is already well known to readers of this *Review* as an Assistant Editor and a regular contributor. But his name will one day be a household word. His talents are rare in isolation, but rarer still in combination. He has a phenomenal memory, deep and varied knowledge, and a quiet fluency of speech. He can be lucid without oversimplification, serenely ironical without bitterness. But he is also modest, and in argument his modesty goes well with overwhelming logic. He is a young man—at the moment of writing the youngest M.P.—but he has none of the notorious shortcomings of youth. Mr. Churchill has described him as "a young man of promise":

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but he is a young man with a mature mind, and we confidently expect that even his promise will be outshone by his achievements.

Tory Democrat

THIS mention of Sir Edward Boyle reminds us that he has recently edited for the C.P.C. a reprint of two of the greatest Disraeli speeches—the Manchester speech of April 3, 1872, and the Crystal Palace speech of June 24 in the same year—and that we were sorry not to include this among the Party publications referred to in our *Episodes* last month.

Tory Democrat (as this little book is called) begins with a skilful preface by Colonel Walter Elliot; then follow the two speeches; and at the end are excellent notes and a bibliography by the editor. Disraeli emerges as a genius whose words hardly date, but not as a plaster saint. The book only costs half-a-crown, and should be of great value both to propagandists in search of quotations and to such as are genuinely interested in historical truth.

Death of an Immortal

IN recent years two remarkable veterans have appeared to claim that, "by taking thought," they could greatly exceed the span of human life. Both are now dead. Mahatma Gandhi, it is true, lived long by Indian standards; and Bernard Shaw, by any standards. Moreover, both could plead an element of bad luck: Gandhi was assassinated and Shaw was killed, in effect, by an accidental fracture. But the impression remains that these two great men were guilty of hubris and that a power greater than themselves has found them out.

The Life Force

SOCIETY needs its professional debunkers: without them it would be lost. But there is one important condition: the debunker must take *nothing* seriously—not even himself. He must not undermine the solidarity of human subjection by laughing uproariously at gods and men while at the same time exalting some mystical criterion of his own.

Bernard Shaw did not, unfortunately, fulfil this condition. At the heart of his favourite work is a vague philosophical abstraction called the Life Force. This he seems to have taken quite seriously, although, like all abstractions, it was only the creature of a creature, not the secret of Creation. In his anxiety to avoid the pitfalls of religion he fell into the worst religious trap of all—the cult of Man. By endowing humanity, and more especially the human mind, with attributes of divinity, he succumbed to the most "pathetic" of all fallacies; and there is indeed something pathetic about the vanity and jejuneness which enabled so gifted a man to succumb to such a fallacy.

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The Greatness of G.B.S.

VICTOR HUGO proclaimed:— "*Le grand art, c'est la région des égaux.*" By this he presumably meant that it is useless to make invidious comparisons between one great artist and another; excellence may be attained in many different ways and places those who attain it on terms of equality.

As a literary artist, Bernard Shaw belongs to the small, select class of the incomparably great. His genius expressed itself particularly in plays, but we should have scrupulously avoided comparing him with Shakespeare, if he had not himself encouraged the comparison. It is only possible to compare the two men strictly as dramatists, because the fact that they are separated by three hundred years and by the immeasurable gulf between poetry and prose makes any further comparison fatuous. Even so, it is hard to adjudicate. Shaw's plots are more original than Shakespeare's, but Shakespeare's characters are more human than Shaw's. Shakespeare adapted plots for his own purposes: Shaw tended to use characters as mere mouthpieces for his own ideas. On balance, Shakespeare seems to us the greater dramatist, because he was able to efface himself: Shaw could never do that.

But, we repeat, such comparisons are odious.

His Wit

WHEN we consider Shaw's greatness for its own sake, perhaps the first quality we think of is his wit. This could be either icy and satirical, or warm and cosy. Here is an example of the former, from the preface to *Man and Superman*:—

From the day I first set foot on this foreign soil I knew the value of the prosaic qualities of which Irishmen teach Englishmen to be ashamed as well as I knew the vanity of the poetic qualities of which Englishmen teach Irishmen to be proud. For the Irishman instinctively disparages the quality which makes the Englishman dangerous to him; and the Englishman instinctively flatters the fault that makes the Irishman harmless and amusing to him.

No wonder Ireland disowned him! But here is the other kind of humour. Bill Walker, a tough East Ender, is talking to Major Barbara of the Salvation Army and her admirer, Professor Adolphus Cusins:—

BILL. Gowin to merry im?

BARBARA. Yes.

BILL (*fervently*). Gawd elp im! Gaw-aw-aw-awd elp im!

BARBARA. Why? Do you think he wont be happy with me?

BILL. Awve aony ed to stend it for a mawnin: e'll ev to stend it for a lawftawm.

CUSINS. That is a frightful reflection, Mr. Walker. But I can't tear myself away from her.

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BILL. Well, Aw ken . . . there aint nao sach a thing as a saoul. Ah kin you tell wevver Awve a saoul or not? You never seen it.

BARBARA. I've seen it hurting you when you went against it.

BILL (*with compressed aggravation*). If you was maw gel and took the word aht o me mahth lawk thet, Aw'd give you sathink youd feel urtin, Aw would. (*To Adolphus*). You tike maw tip, mite. Stop er jawr; or youll doy afoah your tawm. (*With intense expression*). Wore aht: thets wot youll be: wore aht.

In *Back to Methuselah* the He-Ancient says to the Newly-Born:—"When a thing is funny, search it for a hidden truth." At that rate there are many hidden truths in the work of Bernard Shaw.

His Paradox

THE argumentative device to which Shaw was most addicted was that of paradox. The advantage of this is that it startles the reader (or hearer) into a state of attention; the disadvantage, that paradoxes can often be just as absurd as they seem. Shaw's paradoxes are nearly always successful in the sense that they provoke interest or indignation: but success is sometimes obtained at too great a price. An illustration of this may be found in *Man and Superman* when, during the famous dialogue in Hell, Don Juan says:—

Hell is the home of honor, duty, justice, and the rest of the seven deadly virtues. All the wickedness on earth is done in their name: where else but in hell should they have their reward?

This, to use a homely phrase, is "going too far." The paradox is striking and cannot be ignored: but it contains so much more of nonsense than of sense that the argument as a whole suffers.

One of the measures of Shaw's influence is the extent to which paradox has become fashionable as an intellectual bad habit. Like the syllogism or the dialectic, it has become a substitute for clear thinking. Many people now have a lurking suspicion that truth consists in the contradiction of truisms. This is all very well when truisms are ill-founded: but when they are well-founded (as they usually are) the results are apt to be troublesome.

His Prose Style

NO praise could suffice for the Shavian prose style. The balance and harmony of this have been related by some to Shaw's *expertise* as a music critic: but the connection between musical and literary values should not be overstressed.

Shaw's prose has the supreme merit of vitality. He was in love with language and he wrote with the uninhibited joy of a lover. He was equally at home with big words and small words, with long sentences and short sentences, with purple passages and quick-fire dialogue. He could be terse: he could be grandiloquent: but he was never stilted

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or precious. His writing contains many deliberate oddities: it is flexible and unpredictable down to the smallest detail. But it has too the strength which only an unrelenting discipline can give. The following specimen of it has been taken, almost at random, from the Preface to *Saint Joan*:—

The Churches must learn humility as well as teach it. The Apostolic Succession cannot be secured or confined by the laying on of hands: the tongues of fire have descended on heathens and outcasts too often for that, leaving anointed Churchmen to scandalise History as worldly rascals. When the Church Militant behaves as if it were already the Church Triumphant, it makes these appalling blunders about Joan and Bruno and Galileo and the rest which make it so difficult for a Freethinker to join it; and a Church which has no place for Freethinkers: nay, which does not inculcate and encourage freethinking with a complete belief that thought, when really free, must by its own law take the path that leads to the Church's bosom, not only has no future in modern culture, but obviously has no faith in the valid science of its own tenets, and is guilty of the heresy that theology and science are two different and opposite impulses, rivals for human allegiance.

Whatever may be thought of the views expressed in that passage, the force and clarity of the expression must surely be admired.

His Philanthropy

WITH all his verbal asperity, Shaw was undoubtedly a philanthropist. His attitude towards his fellow-men was arrogant, but seldom cynical. He was genuinely anxious to improve them and, as a means to that end, to improve the conditions in which they lived. It was this in part which caused him, quite early in life, to espouse the fallacy of Socialism: like the champions of organised British labour, he was ensnared by the specious reasoning of the Webbs. But as time went on, his Socialist convictions were visibly modified by his intelligence, his sense of humour—and his wealth. Modern Socialists are pleased to claim him as one of the pioneers of their movement: but their dogmatism and complacency must be rudely shaken when they hazard a perusal of his works.

Fabianism will pass—is passing—into limbo. Its perverse and arid doctrines are losing their hold, even upon Socialists. But Shaw became a Fabian out of generosity, as well as perversity; for he was always, at heart, a generous man. His long life was not just a career: it was also a pilgrimage. His gay laugh, his success, his vanity, his mischief, cannot altogether efface the impression of moral purpose. But—and this must be our final word—good men are not often so entertaining.

The Lord Mayor's Show

THE seven-hundred-and-forty-second Lord Mayor's Show took place on November 9. This year it was used as an advertisement for Civil Defence; and so continues the slow, Victorian attempt to

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strangle one of our few medieval survivals that are still instinct with life.

Each year, on his election, the new Lord Mayor of London has gone to seek the approval of the King, or of his justices. The procession that accompanies him is, in part, meant to show how thriving and prosperous is the city he represents; and, in part, it is a survival of the old Midsummer Show with its allegorical pageant. Until the last century the Lord Mayor went the whole way to Westminster to meet the King's representatives, and he made half the journey by water. The Victorians abolished the procession by river (the Oxford Colleges very sensibly buying the barges of the City Companies) and shortened the route of the Show by making the Lord Mayor meet the King's representatives at the new Law Courts. They even forbade fireworks. In one Show during the 'seventies there was "a tableau illustrating the purchase of Burnham Beeches by the Corporation." After that it only needed the invention of the motor car to produce the modern Lord Mayor's Show, in which a highly organised and virtuous queue of blood transfusion units, breakdown vans and Daimlers, files damply between dispirited Londoners, who are only there because they have brought their children.

A Time for Carnival

THE Show must be rejuvenated. It must bear proper witness to the spirit of a city, vigorous to the edge of vulgarity, which has produced both the Bank of England and the Cockney. It must be a popular tumult, with cheering houses crowded high, not a recruiting drive as now. It is the English version of a Carnival, and for one day at least the Spirit of Carnival must banish the Spirit of Austerity. Can one imagine Civil Defence on the Grand Canal? There must be bells, fireworks, loud noises—preferably cannon—Bertram Mills and Sir Charles Cochran: the wigs of Aldermen should fall off. At least part of the procession should go by water—right to Westminster, as of old—and it is arguable that the date should be changed to that of the Midsummer Show from which the pageant is derived. Once again there must be entries in the accounts "to hym that rode upon the camyl, 4/2." This is no self-conscious revivalism, but an opportunity to release people's high spirits, to rekindle in a dark age of utility the fire of enthusiasm—and incidentally to earn some dollars.

And Finally . . .

WE wish all our readers a very happy Christmas.

MAN-POWER AND THE COMMONWEALTH

By HENRY DRUMMOND-WOLFF

AT its recent annual conference the Socialist Party showed great enthusiasm for a policy of vigorous development in the Commonwealth, but it seems to have had the Colonial Empire only in mind. There can be no question of the need for development in the backward parts of the earth which this country controls, nor of the opportunities which it presents. It will call for capital under imaginative and prudent guidance—capital, however, which will not be found, at least from British sources, unless this country and its sister nations in the Commonwealth pursue with equal vigour a policy of development in the rich and empty regions for which white population must be found.

There the main problem is not the need for capital in the monetary sense, though much capital of that kind will be required. The main problem is capital in the sense of man-power, of which the only British source lies in the United Kingdom. This is a problem of redistribution, an urgent and imperative requirement if the Commonwealth is to remain British in character and at the same time bring into use the vast resources which Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Africa command.

The United Kingdom is over-populated; both its security and its standard of living will be precarious until its dependence on imported food and raw material is reduced in some considerable degree. That can be achieved only by exporting some part of its man-power to those parts of the

Commonwealth where man-power is required. Canada, Australia and New Zealand are gravely under-populated, particularly the first two, and have no indigenous coloured population from which labour can be drawn. In South, Central and Eastern Africa, on the other hand, there is a vast coloured population to be fed, cared for and raised in the human scale: but the fulfilment of that task will depend on white leadership, which must be reinforced by selected white immigration if it is not to be overwhelmed by the magnitude of the duty and responsibility incumbent upon it.

From 1933 to 1938 inclusive, 123,101 British subjects migrated from the United Kingdom to the countries of the British Empire. These were the years of Imperial Preference that enabled the Commonwealth to recover rapidly from the effects of the world economic crisis and to develop a high level of trade. But Imperial Preference had been restricted first by the Black Pacts with Denmark and the Argentine and later by the Anglo-American Trade Agreement, so that the economies of Commonwealth countries were not truly expanding and there was no co-ordinated system of Empire migration encouraged by information and publicity. From 1946 to 1949 inclusive, 466,362 U.K. subjects migrated to the countries of the British Empire. The movement was due to a psychological urge for change after the Second World War and the powerful attraction of Dominion economies expanding as a result of war development,

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post-war reconstruction and the spontaneous migration of British capital and industry. There was full employment at home, and the elimination of Imperial Preference was under way, though it was partially compensated for by the preference afforded by the Socialist method of trading. An increased rate of migration is now needed for every purpose in the interest of each member of the Commonwealth. The Commonwealth of Australia aims at an immigration rate of 200,000 persons per annum.

It is therefore well that the crying need for migration on an extensive scale is being recognised in this country and amongst all who are working for the strength and welfare of the Western democracies, whether in Europe or elsewhere. The Conservative Party's Manifesto at the General Election contained, for instance, a passage declaring that the Party will "welcome and aid the steady flow of United Kingdom citizens to Commonwealth countries, provided that it includes a fair cross-section of our population by age and occupation." And the Declaration issued by the Foreign Ministers of the United Kingdom, France and the United States in London on May 13, 1950, took even wider ground:—

In the course of their discussions the Foreign Ministers have recognised that the excess of population from which several countries in western Europe are suffering is one of the most important elements in the difficulties and disequilibrium of the world. They also believe that the systematic exploration of opportunities for greater population mobility can contribute significantly to the solution of this problem. In this connection they have noted the valuable work on numerous aspects of the problems of migration which has been going forward within the International Labour Organisation, the United Nations, and specialised agencies, and

in the O.E.E.C. and in particular the conclusions reached at the preliminary migration conference which has just completed its work at Geneva. They believe that in view of the importance and wide scope of the problem it would be desirable to make a general review of the various activities in this field, with a view to determining whether there are additional approaches which could be undertaken. For this purpose they have agreed that they will designate experts to confer together after the conclusion of these meetings, and to consult with the experts of other interested Governments, particularly Italy and Germany in view of their major interest in the problem.

In Britain particularly the time is assuredly ripe for a campaign of enlightenment to show how migration may benefit not only those who go but those who stay. In such countries as this emigration is indeed an indispensable condition of true social security, since it reduces congestion in the country of origin and provides free enterprise in the less crowded country of adoption. The most effective system of social services is one maintained by nations in co-operation, thus helping to increase and redistribute population. Migrants should be enabled to contribute to and benefit from the social services of their countries of origin pending transfer into those of their countries of adoption. Free transport and other facilities should be provided during the process of migration. Such facilities should include information services and labour exchanges in general, with distributing centres at parts of debarkation. A preference should be given to selected British migrants within the Commonwealth in accordance with local laws and regulations.

Five years have passed since the close of the Second World War, and the problem of housing in Britain remains

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unsolved. Spontaneous migration from Britain has unquestionably eased the housing situation and a positive policy of migration would do much to solve it. No substantial expenditure on housing that does not take migration factors fully into account would be justified. Joint responsibility might be taken for the housing of migrants by their countries of origin and of adoption. Housing materials, equipment and prefabricated houses of improved design and construction could be exported by the countries of origin.

Britain would be greatly strengthened if her need for markets and for imported foodstuffs and raw materials could be reduced by human and industrial migration. The solution of Britain's problem of the balance of payments by these processes would greatly relieve the pressure which has encouraged Government intervention and control. Britain's defence would be better assured if her dependence on external supplies were reduced, if she became more blockade-proof, and if a reduction in her population and industrial potential made her a less inviting target for aggression. Modern defence strategy, new weapons of war, Imperial defence and the security measures of the United Nations allow for and demand a redistribution of population and a well-balanced dispersal of industry. Empire unity will, moreover, be strengthened if new material bonds are added to the existing moral and psychological bonds. The material bonds are a well-balanced redistribution of population and decentralisation of productive enterprise, combined with a complementary exchange of selective, truly reciprocal and preferential trade.

Modern conditions, however, are not likely to reproduce the spontaneous enterprise and migration that were so great a factor in the building up of British overseas territories in

earlier days. It would be unwise to await so unlikely an event, but this does not postulate direct Government intervention. Governments should create the conditions that are favourable to economic expansion and migration. They should provide certain facilities in order to overcome some of the more serious obstacles that must face the individual migrant to-day. The aim should be to create the conditions that are essential to migration by absorption into every form of human activity.

It is probable that British industry itself is seeking decentralisation throughout the Commonwealth. There are cogent reasons for such decentralisation and among them the fact that full employment and increased consumption can be achieved only by the decentralisation and diversification of production through the expansion of national, regional and world economies through a system of protective and preferential tariffs. Within the British Commonwealth an unrestricted and permanent system of Imperial Preference would be needed to give each of its members (with certain qualifications in the case of Great Britain) the expanding markets which all require.

Let us then develop the Colonial Empire by all the means in our power; there is complete agreement amongst the Parties on the compelling duty and interest therein involved. But let us also recognise that there will be little capital from British sources or security for Colonial development unless it is accompanied by a redistribution of man-power and vigorous co-operative expansion amongst the more advanced nations of the Commonwealth. It is from them that the Commonwealth derives its character, and it is on their well-being and expansion that it primarily depends for vitality, security and power.

HENRY DRUMMOND-WOLFF.

MALAN: CALVINIST AND RACE THEORIST

By L. E. NEAME

ONE hot afternoon in the Cape Town of February, 1919, a new voice broke upon the somnolent air of the South African Parliament. The Dutch-speaking members in the lobbies hurried back to the Chamber. A stout, clean-shaven clerical-looking man was making his maiden speech. He displayed none of the nervousness usual upon such occasions. With the fervour of the practised orator he declared that the Union Jack could never be the expression of the *Volksgesit* of the Afrikaner people. Claiming liberty and independence to be the right of every nation, he closed an emotional peroration with the words:—

For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding Sire to Son,
Though often lost, is always won.

Africaners on the floor greeted the sentiment with loud "*Hoor, Hoors*" and were satisfied that a new champion had arisen to defend their cause.

To-day at almost any gathering of the United Nations there can be heard fulminations against South Africa as "a police State" that is "one vast prison for Coloured people." In a dozen different languages there are suggestions that concerted action ought to be taken against the Nazi-minded Prime Minister who denies the most elementary human rights to primitive races. Strange as it may seem, the pleader for liberty and the whipping-boy of the democracies are one and the same person.

The interval of thirty years covers the political career of Daniel François

Malan, the present Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa and high priest of ultra-Afrikaner nationalism; the head of the only wholly Afrikaner Government that has ever ruled the Union; the exponent of a policy called *Apartheid* (separation) that is provoking world-wide indignation.

When Jan Christiaan Smuts was a lad minding geese at Riebeeck West, in the Cape Province, Daniel François Malan was a child playing on a nearby farm. Both went to the village school. Being the studious sons of their respective families, both passed on to the Victoria College at Stellenbosch. Then their paths diverged for a while. Smuts journeyed to Cambridge to become a lawyer. Malan, who was intended for the Church, was sent to Holland to complete his theological studies.

They were young men of serious mind and expanding ambition, and the difference in their training influenced their course in life. Smuts had the more subtle and practical mind and advanced rapidly, skilfully adjusting his methods to the end he had in view. Malan, with a more uncompromising temper, had a deep-rooted desire for reactionary change. Smuts from his political platform aimed at building a South African nation broadly based upon the two white races. Malan from his pulpit also talked of nation-building: but the superstructure he visualised was based upon a narrow Afrikaner foundation. Yet they had reached their forties before the pressure of events drove them into open antagonism.

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In 1912 General Hertzog split the first Union Cabinet by preaching the gospel of aggressive Afrikaner nationalism. General Smuts stood with General Botha for tolerance and racial conciliation. Uncompromising Dr. Malan saw in Botha's ideas only a milk and water policy, and he stepped down from his Dutch Reformed Church pulpit to edit a daily newspaper launched to promote the cause of Hertzogism. In 1919 he left his editorial chair to become Hertzog's right-hand man in Parliament. But he looked askance at the compromises of politics, which to his unbending mind seemed to be deviations from the straight and narrow path.

There came a day when Hertzog found that the only chance of ending his long march in the wilderness of Opposition lay in forming an electoral pact with the mainly English Labour Party. Dr. Malan's first instinct was to hold aloof. "Coalition," he cried, "means the raising of opportunism to the level of statesmanship, and the dethronement of principle in order to make way for political lack of character. Under coalition no problem can be tackled or solved in a manly way." But the Pact won the 1924 election and Dr. Malan joined the Hertzog Ministry. He atoned for his concession to coalition by giving full rein to his reforming zeal. He reformed the British Honours' List out of existence as far as South Africa was concerned. He made Afrikaans the second official language. He endowed the Union with a new nationality and a new flag. He reformed the public service and the electoral laws, and essayed to reform the Press by compelling the signing of all political matter at election time. He became the Sea-green Incorruptible of Afrikanerdom, and on the issue of republicanism and secession began to step out in front of Hertzog himself.



DR. D. F. MALAN.

(South African State Information Office.)

But he was an impartial and efficient administrator and from his departments came no complaints of racial favouritism.

In 1932 South Africa was forced off the gold standard and Hertzog, fearing the defeat of his party, agreed to a merging operation with Smuts to form a government to see the country through the crisis. Dr. Malan refused to be a party to a second coalition. In his mind the pure gospel of Afrikanerdom was becoming tainted with the heresies of British liberalism, and he felt that the growing "Black Peril" was not being fought with sufficient vigour. He stood forth as a political Elijah, crying that the children of Fusion had forsaken the old covenants and thrown down the old altars, and that "I, even I only, am left." He called upon all true believers to follow him into a new Herenigde (Purified) National Party. Only sixteen members of Parliament went with him into his Cave of Adullam. At three successive general elections he

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suffered defeat. At the fourth—in May, 1948—he triumphed. Fifteen years after he had rejected Fusion he found himself called upon to form a government. All his predecessors for forty years had taken into their Cabinets representatives of the English section in the country. He took none. Under him Afrikanerdom ruled South Africa alone.

Dr. Malan was seventy-four when he formed the first wholly Afrikaner government in the history of the Union. Just on thirty years had elapsed since he descended from the pulpit to enter politics and “raise the tone of polemics.” Now there was no coalescing hand to check the solving of problems “in a manly way.” A new era had opened in South Africa. The Afrikaners had long felt themselves to be “a people scattered and peeled . . . a nation meted out and trodden under foot.” They had always been on the defensive, seeking in exclusiveness and isolation both a barrier against the Black hordes around them and a protection against the immense pressure of British power and culture. They had been a people filled with complainings and grievances and lacking confidence in their destiny. All that vanished in an hour in the day of victory. At long last they had entered the Promised Land. They were uplifted by a mood of spiritual exaltation. “Even the trees look different,” they said.

Dr. Malan is the authentic leader of an Old Testament people who have always leaned to theocracy and Calvinism. Lord Rosebery described Cromwell as “a practical mystic, the

most formidable and terrible of all combinations.” Dr. Malan is cast in that mould. His utterances are monitory and minatory. He gives the impression of dour and unbending purpose—a sort of perennial Day of Judgment. He believes himself to be the only saviour of his people and he delivers his messages as though they had come direct from Sion. A life-long republican, he has the conservative mind of the landowner and the capitalist. He dislikes Communism, Socialism, Liberalism, foreign travel, trade unions, the Monarchy, the Empire, the Press and the British parliamentary system. He believes in order, discipline, the superiority of the Nordic races, the maintenance of the supremacy of the European, the guardianship of backward peoples, Fundamentalism and the Sabbath of Victorian Scotland.

He seeks neither popularity nor publicity. He cannot “do the Tom, Dick and Harry business” and would not if he could. Among his own followers he is a somewhat aloof figure. But he is the unchallenged leader of his people, and when he decides there is no questioning. He is a man of high moral courage and unshakeable tenacity. If he says he will or will not do a thing, all the United Nations will not make him change his mind. Like Luther of old, he exclaims: “There I take my stand. I can do naught else, so help me God. Amen.” The outside world may be right in not liking Dr. Malan; but it would be wrong in cherishing any illusions regarding the hold he has gained upon his people.

L. E. NEAME.

REPUBLICANS RESURGENT

By DENYS SMITH

A RESURGENT Republican party just failed to capture control of the House and Senate in the November elections. It is normal for elections held in the middle of the President's term of office to go against the President's party, and by no means unusual for him to be burdened during the latter two years of his term with a legislature controlled by the opposition party. There is therefore nothing very startling about the Republican success. In fact the Republicans did not do so well as in the three previous mid-term elections from the point of view of numbers of seats gained. The Truman Administration has received a warning signal rather than a vote of no-confidence. This is a consideration often overlooked in recent weeks amid the exuberance of Republican self-congratulation. Deep in their hearts the Republicans are probably not too sorry that they failed to secure Congressional control. If they had done so they would have had to share the responsibility for necessary emergency measures during the next two years which are unlikely to be popular with the voters. Moreover, President Truman will not be able to base his re-election campaign in 1952, as he did in 1948, on criticism of a Republican-dominated legislature.

The significance of the election is that the Democrats failed to persuade the voters to do something other than normal. They thought they could do this because a time of prosperity and full employment or a time of national danger usually favours the party in

power. Both conditions existed this year, but the American electorate evidently had no objection to "voting against Santa Claus" or to "changing horses in mid-stream," to use the *clichés* by which these conditions are usually described. This is one reason why the Republicans have cause for satisfaction. Another reason is that so many leading Democratic figures went down in defeat, while leading Republicans, who were thought to be in danger, were victorious, in many cases with increased majorities. Both the Democratic Senate leader, Mr. Scott Lucas, and the Democratic Whip, Mr. Francis Myers, were defeated, while Senator Taft, who is in effect the Republican leader on domestic policy, won by an unusually large majority.

Democratic politicians studying the reasons for their party failures give pride of place to the fact that the situation in Korea deteriorated just before polling day. This deterioration was due to the intervention of the Chinese Communists and so gave added point to Republican campaign charges that the present and past Democratic Administrations had badly bungled the conduct of Far Eastern foreign policy. Counter-charges that Republican isolationists had encouraged the growth of Communism everywhere proved ineffective. It was the triumph of a condition over a theory. The pre-election reverse in Korea was a condition which could not be denied, while the encouragement given to Communism by Republican isolationists was a theory which could not be proved.

A closely related reason, also stressed by the Democrats, is the success of what is now termed "McCarthyism," after the Wisconsin Senator who sees Communists under every State Department desk. Certainly the elections proved that it was politically safer to side with McCarthy than against him. The McCarthy "red herring" was one of the chief reasons for the defeat of Senator Tydings, a conservative-minded member of the Democratic party, whom President Roosevelt had once tried to "purge" because he opposed New Deal measures. He was Chairman of the Committee which was appointed to investigate the McCarthy charges and, so the Republicans complained, acted on the assumption that his chief duty was to defend the State Department and the Government rather than expose Communist sympathisers. Mr. Tydings's defeat suggests that white-washing a red herring is the wrong way of dealing with it. A better plan would be to leave it alone till everyone is revolted by its smell. The Secretary of State, Mr. Acheson, was Senator McCarthy's most distinguished target. A number of Republicans have been asserting that the election results showed that Mr. Acheson must go. Mr. Acheson has no intention of resigning and the President no intention of asking him to resign. There are only two possibilities which might lead the President to change his mind. The antipathy to Mr. Acheson in Congress might become so strong that the passage of foreign measures would be endangered, or the Democratic party strategists might conclude that Mr. Acheson's continued presence in the Cabinet would jeopardise their party's chances in the 1952 Presidential election.

Turning to domestic reasons for Democratic defeats, the outstanding fact is that many voters believed that the President's programme smacked of

Socialism and endangered the traditional American free enterprise system. Many Democratic candidates sensed this feeling and made no effort to support Administration measures such as National Health Insurance. It is true that these were the same "socialistic" measures which, when advocated by the President two years ago, led to a Democratic landslide. But the President made the mistake, reflecting his modesty if not his acumen, of attributing his 1948 victory to his programme instead of to his personality. People in 1948 voted for Mr. Truman largely because he conducted a fighting campaign, while his opponent Mr. Dewey, so it seemed, went on the patronising assumption that he was doing the electorate a favour by permitting them to send him to the White House. Many Democrats rode to office in 1948 on the President's coat-tails. This year, since he was not a candidate, his personality counted for less and his programme counted for more.

A related cause was the public's aversion to "big union" influence and the fear that union leaders were becoming little Emperors challenging the regularly elected local authorities. This was particularly marked in Ohio, where the main campaign issue used by the Democrats against Senator Taft was his reputed anti-labour views rather than his isolationism. Mr. Taft answered by defending the Taft-Hartley Labour Law, which the President has insisted must be repealed, as the workers' charter, protecting the rank-and-file against union "bossism." To judge from his good showing in industrial areas he must have made his point to the satisfaction of many union members. The election showed that the solid support of organised labour does not guarantee election even in industrial areas, as many Democratic candidates discovered. In some places

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it may even have proved a liability.

The Republicans also benefited by charges of graft and corruption in the big city Democratic "machines" affecting the police force and local Democratic politicians. Chicago and New York were two outstanding examples. In New York City Mr. Impellitteri beat the regular Tammany-backed Democratic candidate as well as the Republican for Mayor. This split Democratic vote in New York City also helped Mr. Dewey win the New York Governorship. Scandals in Chicago were a great help to Mr. Dirksen, who defeated Senator Scott Lucas, the Senate majority leader.

Party organisation in general was less strong and voters showed an unusual degree of independence. The habit of voting the straight "party ticket" was broken in New York where a Republican Governor, Mr. Dewey, and a Democratic Senator, Mr. Lehman, were elected more on their good records than on their party affiliations. Similarly in Ohio the voters returned a Democratic Governor, Mr. Frank Lausche, and a Republican Senator, Mr. Taft. There were several other examples of selective voting.

It will be seen from the above that the election was a blow to near-socialistic measures classified in America as "Stateism," and an encouragement to the private enterprise system. It was a reverse to the political ambitions of union leadership, which is evidently unable to deliver the vote of its membership. Congressmen in future will pay less attention to union demands or union threats. The election also means that an uncompromising attitude will be maintained towards Communists, particularly in the Far East, though not necessarily at the expense of Europe. Foreign aid funds would have been more closely scrutinised in future whatever the results of

the election had been. European recovery, particularly British recovery, is a matter of record, and with a mounting budgetary deficit Congress would not have been inclined to vote funds merely to provide other nations with budgetary relief at the expense of the American taxpayer. Military assistance will have an easier time with Congress than straight economic assistance, provided that there is no suspicion that Europe is trying to shift the whole re-armament burden on to the United States, but is doing its full share.

Republicans are now looking hopefully to the 1952 Presidential elections. Three times since 1932, when the last Republican President occupied the White House, they have made mid-term gains but lost the Presidential race two years later. It has been a case of often a bridesmaid but never a bride. This time they believe it can be done. One favourable factor is that twenty-six out of the forty-eight States have Republican Governors. These include such populous States as New York, California and Pennsylvania, in addition to pivotal mid-western States. Democratic Governors were ousted from the important industrial State of Michigan and from Connecticut, Maryland, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona, and there were no Republican reverses in States where Republican Governors were already in office. The Democrats retained control in only ten of the thirty-three States where elections for Governor were held, and seven of these were in the South where there is no effective Republican party. Since the American party system depends on the day-to-day work of professional politicians who expect, or at least hope, to be rewarded with an official job, the more State Administrations a party controls the better. State patronage is particularly important to

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the party which does not control Federal patronage.

The Republicans have quite a number of men who might carry the party banner two years hence. The chief Republicans to watch are Governor Dewey, Governor Warren, Senator Taft and the newcomer on the national scene, Senator Duff of Pennsylvania. It has been unkindly said that there is no need to watch Mr. Stassen, once the idol of the young Republicans; he so constantly imposes himself upon the public view. Mr. Dewey has renounced any political ambitions in 1952 and as far as can be gathered has done so in perfect sincerity. His influence will be exerted towards strengthening the candidacy of any suitable man belonging to the internationalist, progressive wing of the party, and he has expressed a personal preference for General Eisenhower. The fact that General Eisenhower has been proposed as Supreme Commander of the Atlantic Pact forces in Europe would not detract from his availability. Governor Warren, Mr. Dewey's Vice-Presidential "running-mate" in 1948, has also increased his prestige by his third-term victory in California. Senator Taft is the leading, in fact at the moment the only, contender belonging to the rival wing of the Republican party. Senator Duff of Pennsylvania belongs to the Dewey wing and has the advantage of coming from the second most populous State

with the second largest group of delegates at the nominating Convention.

There have been reports from Europe that the American election has been interpreted as meaning a revival of isolationism. If the word is used in the sense of being unco-operative with other countries and attempting to stand alone, then the fear is quite unfounded. Both wings of the Democratic party and many Republicans are "internationalist"; and since the remainder of the Republicans are against Communism, they cannot properly be regarded as isolationists either. There is much reason for re-assurance in the election and little cause for alarm. The United States will continue to provide a concrete example of the fact that a non-socialistic Government can bring unparalleled benefits to its population. It has shown no intention of being neutral or isolationist in the face of Communist aggression; in fact, the voters in many areas evidently considered that it had been too neutral towards Communism in the past. There will, however, be more pressure for effective co-operation from Western Europe, where at times the spirit of isolationism appears to have found refuge; a demand for proportionate sacrifice for the common goal and opposition to any waste or diversion of American aid.

DENYS SMITH.

FRENCH POLITICAL MOTIVES

By ANDRÉ STIBIO

THE outside world must be increasingly astonished at the contrast between the obstinacy of French statesmen on particular questions—such as that of German rearmament—and their general uncertainty of approach in foreign affairs. But this contrast becomes less surprising when it is borne in mind that our General Election campaign has virtually begun. France will vote for a new National Assembly at the earliest in May, and at the latest in October, of next year.

Nor will this be at all a trivial occasion. The most significant and enigmatic factor is, of course, General de Gaulle's movement, with its uncompromising programme and its radical hostility to the present régime. This is the nightmare which haunts those parties which have, between them, dominated the scene for the last four years. In what strength will the Gaullists be returned to the new Assembly?—that is the question. In their desire to avoid discomfiture, the governing parties are now looking for any principles and slogans which will be agreeable to the public. One "safe" slogan is Peace, and those who are now in power, while they indignantly rebut the charge that they are "neutralists," find it impossible in effect to be much else; just as M. Jourdain in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* found himself writing prose without knowing it. But this attitude obviously conflicts with General de Gaulle's overriding appeal to the national interest.

Another notable fact is that the

Socialists are the most influential element in the Plevén Government and that among the Socialists, the influence of M. Jules Moch, Minister of National Defence, is unrivalled. But for the Socialists—and, more especially, but for M. Moch—M. René Plevén would not now be Prime Minister. Conversely, but for M. Plevén the Socialists, who had left the Bidault Government, would not have returned to power. Thus links have been forged between M. Plevén and M. Moch, which some regard as excessively close; all the more so, as the personality of M. Moch is thought to dominate the less forceful and resolute character of the Prime Minister. In the same process the Foreign Minister, M. Robert Schuman, has been somewhat overshadowed, and French foreign policy is now more or less (and rather more than less) dictated by the Socialists, with whom, unfortunately, ideology always tends to triumph over common sense.

The European Army project, which was endorsed by the National Assembly in October and which M. Jules Moch subsequently went to Washington to expound and defend, is only comprehensible in the light of the internal situation I have been describing. If German rearmament had been accepted outright, the Government would have fallen at once, since the Socialists are opposed to any concession on that point; and M. Plevén's majority in the Assembly would probably also have disintegrated. An attempt was therefore made to find a solution, or quasi-solution, which could command unanimity among the Government

parties; and this took the form of insisting on a European Army as the *sine qua non* of German rearmament. But there were no illusions. It was well enough known that the United States could not so easily be deflected from arming several German divisions; it was also recognised that the federal notions upon which the French plan was based had little chance of being understood, and less still of being approved, in England. In other words, the French Government was resigning itself to a rôle of isolation. A policy of less verbal and more real boldness would have been the undoing of a Cabinet which is already involved in the electoral ordeal.

Another surprising aspect of our official psychology must also be mentioned. No less a man than M. Pleven considers, and allows it to be put about, that further conversations with Soviet Russia would now be opportune. Does this mean that Russia

has been making discreet overtures, or is it simply the effect of pressure from supporters of the Government at home? We do not know: but it is at least certain that soundings have been made on both sides. What does M. Pleven hope to achieve by all this? Perhaps he hopes to appease the French Communists, and so reduce their hate propaganda and their seditious activities to a minimum. He could thus at the same time make the Red danger seem less spectacular to the public and so impair General de Gaulle's electoral chances—since the rise of Gaullism has been due, in part at least, to the fear which Communism has inspired.

When this curious symptom is collated with all the others, it is obvious that our foreign policy is at the moment both confused and inarticulate. The apparent rigidity of what our Ministers propose cannot hide the weakness and hesitancy which underlie all their words and actions. **ANDRÉ STIBIO.**

THE EARTHLY PARADISE

By PROFESSOR W. L. BURN

MR. ATTLEE, in opening an exhibition of pictures at Walthamstow on October 21, was moved to an exhibition of that dispassionate candour which he displays so much more easily as a man than as a politician. He was speaking about his youth in an ugly suburb, and he continued:—

It was a contrast in those days between Morris's idea of what life might be, and life as it was, which brought him into Socialism. Were Morris alive to-day he would rejoice in many of the great social changes which have taken

place in this country, at the sweeping away of many injustices and the greater fellowship. But he would see much that would make him uneasy; a machine-made world in which men are becoming more and more the slaves of their own inventions with, in some places, a purely materialistic conception of the Socialism he had helped to pioneer.

On the evening of the same day, Mr. Herbert Morrison gave a political broadcast. By implication, though not explicitly, Mr. Morrison showed that he was at least faintly conscious of

THE EARTHLY PARADISE

some of Mr. Attlee's doubts. "We Socialists," he said,

don't want to push people around. We mean everyone to have the chance to make their own lives for themselves. But we have got to control material things for the sake of the people. As to the future, it's up to all of us. It's no use saying, "Leave it to the other bloke." We've all got to work together to go on creating an even better society, more kindly, more tolerant, more cheerful, and make this country a place where nobody will be left out.

Of course, Mr. Morrison would not be where he is if he had not made it his business to consider the movements of the popular mind. He appreciates that the rise in the cost of living is not easily compatible with optimism, let alone with the Socialist majority which it is his task to produce at the next election.

The cost of living had of course gone up. Earlier this year there had been a tendency for prices to ease but the Korean War had put a stop to that . . . world prices of raw materials had shot up in the race to buy them.

As a picture of our economic and financial situation this was a little sketchy. Mr. Morrison made no attempt to analyse the figures of our current transactions up to the middle of this year; perhaps because they do not make for unalloyed cheerfulness. It is true that we can show a surplus of £52 million in the first six months of 1950 compared with a deficit of £54 million in the preceding half-year and a surplus of £16 million in the first half of 1949, and that our official holdings of gold and dollars have risen to £262 millions. But this has not been due to any rise in our "visible" receipts which have, on the contrary, fallen badly. It has not, in other words, been due to our ability to sell more goods than we have been

obliged to buy. The sterling value of our exports only rose from £915 million in the first half of 1949 to £1,062 million in the first half of 1950; that of our imports rose from £958 to £1,150 million. Wherever cheerfulness breaks in it is not exactly here. What did rise between July, 1949, and July, 1950, from £59 million to £160 million, were our "invisible" earnings. They are the less easily visible because the White Paper puts £52 million of them under the ambiguous head of "other credits." The rest includes the earnings of the shipping, oil and insurance companies.

Mr. Morrison did not address himself to this point. Nor did he cumber his argument by suggesting that it was above all else the quickening of American business and industrial activity which has for the moment put us in a somewhat better position. It was not for him to express gratitude to American capitalism or to those British shipping and insurance companies on which the Socialists, fresh from their groundnut triumph, so long to lay hands. And, speaking as a simple man to simple people, Mr. Morrison was not concerned to assess the advantages and disadvantages to us of that rise in the price of raw materials which the Korean War intensified but did not begin. The question is, how can we reap the advantages of that rise (illustrated by the overall surplus of £180 million shown by the overseas sterling area in the first half of 1950 compared with a deficit of £234 million in the first half of 1949) without incurring too many of the consequent disadvantages? To this question Mr. Morrison did not turn his mind. He did not debate the opinion which nearly every reputable economist in this country now holds, that only substantial economies in government expenditure can halt inflation. Only two things struck Mr. Morrison: an

easing of prices earlier in the year (more easily visible to him than to most of us), and the Korean War—not to be set against the credit of the Labour government—which has reversed this agreeable trend. Perhaps *The Times* was right when it described Mr. Morrison's broadcast as "a mistake."

"A better society, more kindly, more tolerant." Here Mr. Morrison is on more acceptable ground. A society in which sexual offences known to the police rose from 5,018 in 1938 to 10,922 in 1948 and to 12,015 in 1949, and crimes of violence against the person from 2,722 to 5,183 and 5,235 in the same three years is clearly in need of improvement. It may be a little time yet before we hear an explicit claim that Socialism has positively improved national morals. We have, however, had one or two notable instances lately of Socialist contributions towards kindness and tolerance. The pressure, which the Rover Company yielded to, to dismiss one of their employees, Mr. McElroy, who had resigned from the National Union of Vehicle Builders upon joining the Plymouth Brethren, was neither kindly nor tolerant. More plainly, the exertion of that pressure was a disgrace to those who exerted it, as its success was a discredit to the country at large. It may be that some historian in the future may see Mr. McElroy as at least equal in moral stature to the so-called Tolpuddle Martyrs, and deride the love of liberty as a hypocritical shibboleth in the country which allowed him to be turned into an economic outlaw. In the meantime it might well appear that our vaunted "mobilisation for

freedom" ought to begin at home. More recently, the Durham County Council, which has a cast-iron Socialist majority, has resolved to give notices of termination of employment to all its employees and only to re-employ those of them who are, or are prepared to be, members of a trade union. As one of the supporters of the resolution put it, very few people would be affected. Very few people were directly affected by the persecution of the early Christians; martyrs seldom abound in such numbers as to demand a holocaust. But human dignity and strength of conviction in a recalcitrant minority apparently fall beneath the notice of the Durham County Council.

It is with such facts as these fresh in our memory that Mr. Morrison tells us that "it's up to all of us" (presumably including Mr. McElroy) and that "we've all (again presumably including Mr. McElroy) got to work together." For what? To make resignation from a trade union a social offence? It is in the face of the intimidation deliberately practised by some trade unions and many Socialist local authorities, and on the eve of the Government proclaiming its intention of making the Supplies and Services Act permanent, that Mr. Morrison blandly says: "We Socialists don't want to push people around. We mean everyone to have the chance to make their own lives for themselves." Such a chance as Mr. McElroy had, for instance? There are occasions, and this is one of them, when Mr. Morrison's *faux bonhomme* manner is even more repellent than Mr. Bevan's crude hatred.

W. L. BURN.

CHRISTMAS & MR. PUNCH

By BERNARD DARWIN

OF all hopelessly seductive occupations that of poring over old volumes of Mr. Punch is perhaps the most irresistible. It is akin to that of watching a cricket match, lying on the grass on a fine, sunshiny day. The watcher vows that he will see one more over, just one on his honour as a gentleman, and then return to his office or his family. But this one over is dull and unfruitful and he must see another in order to leave the match with, so to speak, a good taste in his mouth. And then there comes in a new batsman of whom he has heard great things. So he stays on and on while the shadows lengthen till stumps are drawn at last. It is thus with our bound Punches; we may come across a tedious and stodgy spell, but there is sure to be some supreme joke, some tremendous cartoon, if we turn over just one more page. I am the happy possessor of a number of these precious volumes, beginning towards the end of John Leech's reign (he died in 1864); extending through Charles Keene's and the best part of Du Maurier's; containing Tenniel in his early and splendid prime and also alas! in his decadence when his powers were too palpably on the wane, and ending roughly speaking with the 19th century. Old they may be, prehistoric perhaps to youthful eyes, but what immortal vintages are here! What a fine rich field for idle, happy browsing! With all possible respect for the jokes of the present, I am content to live in the past.

To search these books, as I am bidden, for Mr. Punch's treatment of Christmas is no inconsiderable task and I cannot pretend to have gone through them all. But I have sipped if not every

flower at any rate a good many, picking out a number of volumes from different eras. Broadly speaking, Christmas is treated in two different ways; publicly, if I may so express it, by cartoons and privately by individual jokes. The cartoons again are of two kinds, those dealing with the eternal and unchanging Christmas of mistletoe and pudding and Mr. Punch presiding over a festival of good will, and those which have some more immediately topical and political flavour. May I confess that the politics seem to poor ignorant me rather cryptic and dull. The uncle from whom I inherited the books had a habit of annotating some of the cartoons for the benefit of posterity, but he has given no explanation of the Christmas ones and my historical knowledge is inadequate. Here, for instance, on December 23, 1876, in "Dame Europa's Christmas Pudding," there is a vast pudding-dish labelled "Conference" surrounded by the magnates of Europe and the Turk, a cheeky little boy, is proposing to stir the pudding. "No, no, my little man!" is the legend. "You must not stir it. You'll only make a mess and spoil the pudding." Doubtless I ought to know and doubtless I ought to look up the history book if I don't, but in fact I turn over the page in a lotus-eating frame of mind. There are some dates that are not beyond me. Here is 1870 and that is the Franco-Prussian War. Following a tragic picture of a France prostrate but hurling defiance at her conqueror, there is Mr. Punch charitably bombarding all Europe with plum puddings. Then follows a hint (we were more jingo then I think) that he has something in hand 'of the same shape



CHRISTMAS ON THE VELDT, 1901. *Private Mark Tapley*: "Do better! To be sure we will. We shall all do better. What we've to do is to keep up our spirits. We shall all come right in the end, never fear."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, Chap. XXXIII.

(Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "Punch" TOO MUCH (the rest is to

but much harder' if his puddings are not liked.

Gradually, as the years pass, the figures grow more familiar: Gladstone, Salisbury, Chamberlain, the impudent little Labby, until after the turn of the century, in fact, on December 25, 1901, is something relatively modern—Christmas on the Veldt in the South African War, with Private Mark Tapley proclaiming with almost infuriating good temper that things will soon take a turn for the better. I prefer Leech's picture of the opening of a mighty hamper in the Crimea—plum pudding, a boar's head, rows of bottles, boxes of cigars. There is no pumped-up cheerfulness there. On the same day on which Private Tapley appears there is another Dickensian joke, A. J. Balfour as Scrooge visited by W. H. Smith as Marley's Ghost and given

some rather long-winded advice.

Much better fun to my mind are the purely jovial cartoons of Christmas with no political implications. Here is Leech at his simplest and heartiest (I am now looking at Pictures of Life and Character from the Collection of Mr. Punch, 1842-1864). There is Mr. Punch, for instance, set upon under the mistletoe and embraced by a whole bevy of young beauties, even as was Mr. Pickwick—"first kissed on the chin, and then on the nose, and then on the spectacles"—at the Christmas party at Dingley Dell. I like to fancy that Leech had that scene in mind as he drew. At another time Mr. Punch is superintending the stirring of the pudding by the baby, with all the rest of the family looking on and the father gallantly arrayed in volunteer's uniform. Tenniel kept up the tradition of the

CHRISTMAS AND MR. PUNCH



TOO MUCH! Party (who hates bad music in the middle of the night): "Wh-a-t!! The Waits! Called for a Christmas Box!—Stop a bit!!"—
(the rest is too terrible).

(Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")

purely rollicking Christmas cartoon. There is one, December 27, 1890, which is clearly founded on the Dickensian Christmas. Mr. Punch leads a procession along a slide, followed by John Bull, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The title is "Keep the pot a-boiling" and these, it will be remembered, were Mr. Weller's exact words as he urged his master to further heroic efforts on the ice.

Turning now to the pictures which I call "jokes" as opposed to cartoons, Leech is again delightfully simple, with an un-subtle and Dickensian flavour. There is the old lady overwhelmed with barrels of oysters from expectant relatives (Mr. Pickwick took oysters to Dingley Dell), and the plain, middle-aged lady seated under the mistletoe and asking an embarrassed gentleman whether he does not like Christmas and

"all its dear old customs." There is the pretty young lady in the same situation, a most ingenuous minx, who asks "What is it those dreadful Garotters call 'Giving one the hug'?" In short, it is all very jolly and hearty and unsophisticated, as is the old gentleman driving home in a hansom, his smiling countenance peering from out a cargo of balloons that he has bought "for the chicks."

And yet horrid doubts assail me as to whether Leech liked Christmas as much as he professed to do. He hated noises (they are even said to have hastened his death) and waits and carol singers drove him mad. Even as did crowing cocks and fishwives calling "Shrimps." "Wh—a-t!!" exclaims paterfamilais. "The waits! Called for a Christmas Box! Stop a bit!" and breaking from his wife's restraining

embrace he makes for the door, poker in hand. There spoke the true Leech. It is a picture I have loved all my life and there is another, almost equally heavenly (December 26, 1857), of Mr. Bangs adapting himself to circumstance since "sleep is out of the question owing to those confounded waits." He is in his nightcap and nightgown with his trousers superimposed and his braces dangling, solemnly practising his dancing. It is a long time before we find another such bitter enemy of Christmas music. In December, 1896, Phil May lets fly vigorously at carol singers.

I had expected to light on a reasonably rich mine of Christmas jokes by Charles Keene, if only because he was fond of depicting those who had been overcome at the dinner table. I may have been unlucky, but I have found only one that really qualifies. "Christmas box," says a choleric old gent. to a crossing sweeper. "Why, you aren't the regular sweeper." "No, sir," is the answer, "but I mind the gentleman's broom, sir, while he goes for his 'alf-pint.'" There is a picture that 'dates' sadly. Where are the crossing-sweepers and the cab-runners of yesteryear? Mr. Punch's pages were once full of them. Moreover, it might be deemed an un-democratic joke nowadays.

Oddly enough it was Du Maurier and not Keene who drew the bacchanalian gentleman at Christmas time (December 29, 1898). He is sitting on an alien doorstep which he takes for a piano and refuses the kind policeman's offer of help on the ground that he won't be seen home by a man who doesn't know Bach's fugue in E minor. The picture is a little reminiscent of one in *Trilby* showing Little Billee's too festive friend Ribot on the door step.

For the most part Du Maurier liked a snow-clad Hampstead Heath as a background for his Christmas pictures, with graceful ladies skating and gallant cavaliers, gimlet in hand, putting on their skates for them. He also liked collisions on the ice with uncomfortable consequences. Here, for instance, is the lovely Lady Florilene Fitz-Fleurdelys frantically clasping the greengrocer while the footman runs in horror to retrieve her.

Almost at the end of my period I found a drawing by Raven Hill with a mild little joke that rather pleased me. In the middle of Christmas dinner a boy asks: "May I go and put on my jersey instead of this beastly coat and waistcoat?" Perhaps it is altogether too innocent. It might not do to-day when the jokes are subtler and have no explanatory titles so that I am not always sure that I have seen the point. But whatever may be true of other seasons I hold that Christmas jokes should be simple, friendly and obvious. The clown with his red-hot poker, the policeman fallen on the slide, the awful appearance of the doctor on the day after the juvenile party, the "nose-comforter" like a shuttle-cock, very warm and comforting in winter weather, the snow shovelled off the roof on to the head of the old gentleman in the street—these are the real Christmas jokes of which we never tire. I am afraid we have got a little shy as to jokes about the mistletoe. Perhaps it has outgrown its usefulness and has become "shame-making." And yet if dear Miss Arabella Allen, with her black eyes and her archness and her boots with fur round the top, were underneath the mystic branch, I am by no means so sure.

BERNARD DARWIN.

Farm and Garden

"THE GENEROUS EARTH"

By LADY EVE BALFOUR

TO those who believe in the greater efficiency of the big farm, or who think that there is no escape from economic pressure, I recommend a study of Philip Oyster's new book *The Generous Earth* (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.). It is a fascinating account of present-day peasant farming in the Dordogne valley of France.

Here is a people, in the centre of Western civilisation, completely independent of the shackles of modern economics; enjoying a standard of living—nay, luxury—which a multi-millionaire might envy; a healthy people; a people who are gay and content. These peasant farmers have owned their land since the days when their ancestors possessed it under Henry I, when it was part of Aquitaine. They have no need of money for they are completely self-supporting in everything they need or desire, and have no wages to pay.

The average size of the family farm is only twelve acres, but this is not in a ringed fence. The holdings are so arranged that every farm produces all the needs of the family that owns it; each, for instance, has a section of woodland on the hill, which provides the fuel and building material; each has an area of vineyard, and the cellars of every house are well-stocked with wines and liqueurs—than which there are none of better quality throughout the length and breadth of France. Each has sufficient productive land in the valley, to grow its own wheat, maize, vegetables, tobacco and fodder; and each farm is well stocked with

almost every conceivable fruit: grapes, peaches, nectarines, figs, apples, pears, cherries, strawberries. Each has enough walnut trees to pay its taxes out of the walnut crop (the only thing for which money is required): each has its own truffle oaks. The food and drink which is the daily fare of these people, would make a *gourmet's* mouth water; and their furniture could not be bought in the most exclusive and expensive of shops: it is fashioned of walnut, made by the local craftsmen from the wood of the local trees.

All trees, fruit, nut, or forest, are felled at their prime, but regeneration is carefully fostered, so the trees never grow less.

Livestock is no less plenteous than crops; cows, pigs, sheep, poultry, geese, and dogs. Farm implements are drawn by oxen, which, unlike tractors, fertilise the land during their working life, and provide meat and leather when it is over. These people love their animals, as do the English: but their skill in training them would put us to shame. None has to be driven; all follow their owners, and whatever the species, ox, cow, sheep, goat, and even pig, all give the kind of obedience to the word of their master that we only expect from a well-trained dog.

All tools and wagons they need are made on the spot, mainly from the local poplars; so are all their other material needs. Their own wheat is ground by the village water mill, and their own whole-wheat bread baked at home or in a communal village oven.

Their husbandry is, of course, all-

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organic, and they manage to give a good dressing of farmyard manure to every acre every other year. The ground is never idle, often growing several crops a year.

How is all this accomplished? Fearful drudgery? Not a bit of it.

A common working day is arranged like this. Work from 6 to 11, break of two hours, work from 1 to 6. This is arranged to get the required amount of work done and yet give time for the relaxation necessary to man and beast. About half-way between these five-hour spells, it is the custom to stop and have a *casse-croûte* with a drink of wine. . . .

These peasants have solved the art of living by an intelligent use of all their natural resources, coupled with co-operation and fun. I mean "fun" literally: it is an integral part of their success, for although each is absolute owner of his property, all help each other because it is more fun to do so. When fields are to be ploughed, the appearance is frequently that of a ploughing match; this is simply because all the teams of oxen will be ploughing the field of one farmer, and then all go on and plough the field of another. The ploughmen, who walk in front of their team and not behind them, find this method more sociable.

Similarly, when the vintage arrives, all will work together in each other's vineyards. When a family is ready to strip and hang up the season's maize or tobacco crop to dry, or when it is time to shell the year's harvest of walnuts, it is an occasion for a party and a feast, all gathering in each other's houses or barns, to make fun of the job, while wine flows and stories are told. Here, in this valley, are true conservatism and true socialism literally hand-in-hand. What a lesson for the politicians!

"Surely an exaggerated account," you say, "too good to be true?" We have Lord Northbourne's word for it, in the introduction to this book, that if it errs, it is on the side of understatement. A primitive existence, then? It depends what you mean by "primitive." They don't have water-borne sewage, and would not be so wasteful as to have it if they could: but every farm has electricity—which is more than we can say at home. The Dordogne peasant does not need to be drugged with artificial, second-hand, canned entertainment, and cheap gadgets, into accepting a mere planned existence.

These fortunate folk provide a living proof that sanity is still possible. They have created and maintained a balanced ecology where harmony reigns between soil, plant, animal and man. They have much to teach us.

We could save ourselves a great deal of trouble, if we could discard some pride and learn the lessons that the earth has taught these and other peasants whom we now despise, because they have not been seduced by our "progress," "progress" to destruction. . . .

Certainly, these people are happy; their enjoyment of life leaps out of every page of this book, and it springs from the fact they they have never lost touch, either with the rhythm of nature, or their Maker. Perhaps these two are one.

A nation's love of God (Oyler reminds us) can be gauged by love and respect for the land, agriculture being the basis of all culture.

EVE B. BALFOUR,
*Organising Secretary,
The Soil Association Ltd.*

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

A TIME FOR HOPING

By ERIC GILLET

WHAT bores historians can be and how often, in the past, they were! My schooldays were made miserable by dreary fellows who seemed to delight in nattering about Leagues and Alliances, Bulls and Legates. Long-winded chapters on the Law of this or the Treaty of that filled their pages. Of human nature and its joys and sorrows, of the pomp, colour, and squalor of the pageant of mankind they seemed to have no idea at all. In my (remote) day schoolmasters took a fiend's joy in heading us off the historians who were also great writers. Macaulay was party-minded and inaccurate. Froude was colourful but flighty. And so on. I had to discover Gibbon, Motley, Prescott and Parkman for myself, and a very long time I took to do so.

The contemporary reader owes an immense debt to Lytton Strachey and to George Macaulay Trevelyan. Strachey's imitators have perpetrated innumerable abominations, but his *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria* cleared the air, and the historians who followed him have tackled their subjects with an added zest and liveliness that must be credited to his influence.

Among these younger writers Arthur Bryant takes the foremost place. Ten years ago he published the first of a series of historical panoramas, *English Saga* 1840-1940, a remarkable feat of compression, giving a rapid and most vivid survey of a hundred years in the nation's life. The grey industrial towns come into being. Democracy marches on. The

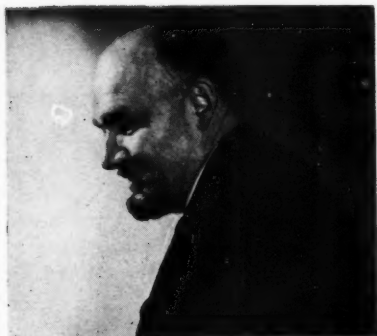
Trade Unions rise. The Empire spreads to full flowering. As all these great movements progress, the life of the people is shown in many of the aspects of its rich variety, and the author's conclusions—written just after the Dunkirk evacuation—are memorable:

England is now learning again that neither wealth nor power nor comfort, whether for class or individual, are ends in themselves: that the wealth of a nation consists in nothing but the virtue of her children and children's children. That no profits, education, law, custom, or institution that does not contribute to their health and goodness is of any enduring value. That the proper test of all legislation, of every political programme and economic activity, is not "Does it pay?" or "Does it enrich this class or that?" but "Will it make better men and women?"

No doubt these are views held by the best people in all political parties, but I think that Mr. Bryant would be willing to add that without Religion and its constant guidance there is not the faintest chance that we shall ever grasp the true significance of the "lesson" we were beginning to learn ten years ago.

English Saga was followed by an even more impressive trilogy spanning the years 1793-1820. The last volume* appeared last month. Its predecessors, *The Years of Endurance* 1793-1802 (1942) and *Years of Victory* 1802-1812 (1944) were greeted with acclaim by historians and men of letters. With all

* *The Age of Elegance* 1812-1822. By Arthur Bryant. Collins 15s.



ARTHUR BRYANT.

(By courtesy of Walter Bird and Messrs. Collins.)

respect to Dr. Trevelyan's *English Social History*, one of the war's best-sellers, no more telling and heartening book than *Years of Victory* cheered us during the bleak period of the Second War. It ended with the mail coaches, bedecked with laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons, standing outside the General Post Office in Lombard Street, ready to carry the news of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo through the length and breadth of the land.

The Age of Elegance carries on the tale to its conclusion at Toulouse, the Vienna Conference table, and Waterloo. The author notes that the war and its termination, so often recorded by Continental writers, has never been presented in its entirety from the British angle by a modern historian, though different phases of it have been dealt with by many eminent historians.

Mr. Bryant's intention is clearly presented. It is to depict the general outline of the campaigns and also to describe, in the second and longer part of the book, "the impact of the bewildering economic, social and ideological phenomena of the time on victorious Britain." We live in a confused age to-day, and so did our ancestors who were alive during the seven years that followed Waterloo. An

Industrial Revolution was on the way. A brilliant social, political, and literary period was at its zenith. "What I have attempted," Mr. Bryant writes, "however inadequately, is to show the synthesis between the two: to depict on a single canvas the nation's wealth and splendour, its tough, racy, independent rustic and sporting life, its underlying poverty and degradation, and the clash between its ancient faith and polity and its newer needs and aspirations."

This task has been nobly done with an erudition the more remarkable that it is never allowed to obtrude itself, and this has already misled more than one critic into remarking that this is a "popular" work. So it truly is, in the sense that it can be read with excitement and enjoyment by any person of normal intelligence. It is, however, much more than just this.

For many years, and for all I know, for the past eras that journalists so mistakenly call "all time," we have suffered in this country from pseudo-intellectual critics who delight to insist that anything readable must, therefore, be "popular," and they use the word in a derogatory sense. It must be obvious to the least instructed that to summarise with masterly clarity and an unflinching felicity of phrase a huge mass of historical and literary material and to pass judgment on it, can be done only by a writer and historian of the first ability. This, it seems to me, is exactly what Mr. Bryant has done in his magnificent trilogy. The bloody assault on Badajoz prefaces the tremendous battles that overthrew the Napoleonic domination. It is the picture of all-conquering England, rich, powerful, and self-confident, which most aroused my interest and admiration. It is here, too, that I felt my critical feelings stir. In spite of the fact that the book's last section is entitled "The Years of Disillusion" I was made to feel envious

A TIME FOR HOPING

of the Britons who lived in those days. There was injustice then, as there is now, and will be until the world ends. The Nation was ungrateful to what might be called its backbone, those who had served at Trafalgar and in the land wars. It was prepared to discard talent and fine leadership, as it has done in this present century:

Yet the rich country which wasted natural leadership with such arrogant carelessness, continued to produce almost unlimited talent and genius. In every walk of life she threw up men who attained to the highest levels of achievement. In science and invention she towered above other nations, as she did in commerce, colonisation and discovery. Though the State applied to aspirants to public office the narrow measuring-rod of lineage and inheritance, men of enterprise in these years were creating new openings in a hundred spheres of spontaneous personal endeavour. While the Liverpools and Sidmouths were feebly governing England, their fellow countrymen, whom they regarded, except for purposes of war, as outside their pale, were policing Sicily, liberating Greece and Chile,

pacifying the warlike tribes of Asia and civilising Malaya.

Youthful imagination in our "Planning Age" to-day can have no idea of the vast wealth of opportunity, and almost endless vistas opening up then before a man of enterprise and initiative. Any one familiar with the Job-like history of our greatest colonial statesman, Sir Stamford Raffles, knows that the country's triumphs, wealth and prosperity, were won by men who were not afraid to disregard the Tapers and Tadpoles who swarmed in the neighbourhood of Downing Street.

The Age of Elegance is not only a great literary and historical achievement whatever faults of stress and emphasis the skilled historian may find in it, and I do not believe that there are many, it is the finest and most apposite of tracts for these depressing and exciting times in which we live. It shows that nothing is impossible to men of vision and integrity, who live and work, not for themselves, but for this dear land and for the general good of humanity.

ERIC GILLET.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND ENGLISH EDUCATION

By A. L. ROWSE

DR. CONNELL'S excellent book brings home a point that is not at all widely known or appreciated—that the greatest single influence on the development of modern English education has almost certainly been that of Matthew Arnold.* Many of us must in our time have regretted the submergence of the poet in the educa-

tionist. Arnold had moments when he regretted it himself, moments when he felt the routine of his life-long job as a school-inspector weighing on his spirit, or when he described himself at the end of his life as "raking among the ashes" for inspiration. "So he became his father," wrote the poet Auden: Dr. Arnold won in him. But this was a matter for pride in the son: he felt that he was fulfilling his famous father's mission. (The in-

**The Educational Thought and Influence of Matthew Arnold*. By W. F. Connell. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.

spiration of his poetry had probably achieved full expression and worked itself out anyway.) Certainly it seems to be true that the influence of the two Arnolds together on the whole spirit and development of English education has been incomparable.

And in that how fortunate we have been! The English Public Schools are, on the whole, the most successful and satisfactory schools in the world. But take the influence of Matthew Arnold only, which has emerged so strongly with the gradual working out of an harmonious national system of education in this century. There could not be better standards than those set by such a man, so upright and public-spirited, a good scholar and a great poet; whose ideal was a liberal and cultivated humanism, sympathetic to the scientific spirit and modern enquiry, valuing the religious element without dogma or sectarianism as the best that has been thought and taught by the spirit of man through the ages. How lucky we have been indeed. Here is one reason why English education is the best in the world—where so much of German education, so over-valued here and in America earlier this century, has been the product of pedants on one side and sycophants on the other. Look at the respective results. One can respect French education, never German.

Arnold in his own day had too much respect for foreign ideas and institutions. He was often criticised for it, but it was a good fault in a Victorian; moreover he was half a Celt. No doubt the Victorian Age was very provoking for such a person to live in, with its smugness and self-righteousness—the frame of mind that so irritated Arnold in Manchester and the prosperous Nonconformists. No doubt also we were behind France and Germany educationally. The rabid conflict be-

tween the sects held up the proper development of national education for decades. Cobden was prepared to throw the genius for organisation and the resources that had carried the Anti-Corn Law League to triumph into the cause of education; but he was discouraged by the intransigence of the sects. Arnold said later, "the truth is, I have always regarded the religious questions as merely a political squabble." And, of course, the cant and humbug these people had to put up with: in appreciating the great Victorians we must allow for what they had to endure in that line and dared not challenge too openly. Arnold showed a great deal of courage in attacking it; all the great Victorian writers suffered from it one way or another.

But in longer perspective we can now see that Arnold did little justice to the creative forces working in Victorian society. Everything was better done abroad. No doubt the education of the middle class was better catered for in France than in England, and Arnold ranked his book, *A French Eton*, which gave some account of it, among the best things he had done. He praised the French middle class. All the same, when one compares the record of the French middle class in the 19th century with that of the English, and the consequences for their respective societies, one sees that the advantage does not rest with the French. Arnold's attitude on this was entirely critical of his time—or at least he only gave expression to the criticism. He showed little enough understanding of what was good in the tradition, or perhaps he assumed it, and confined himself to criticism. The result is that he omits more than half, and the better part, of the picture. If the aristocracy were all Barbarians, the middle class Philistines, the working class Populace, on the

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND ENGLISH EDUCATION

other hand there was the public spirit and political sense of the aristocracy to which the country owed its historic position in the world; the English middle class had shown itself inexhaustibly creative in the arts and sciences no less than in commerce and industry; while even the people at any rate worked hard then. It is true that Arnold once gave expression to what he seriously thought of the English aristocracy when he described it as "the worthiest, as it certainly has been the most successful, aristocracy of which history makes record." That can well bear repeating in 1950; indeed, it is but a small measure of justice to recognise it.

But, as a critic, Arnold left his picture of English society very one-sided. Take his famous indictment of the Religion of Inequality. He said it was responsible for "materialising the upper class, vulgarising the middle class and brutalising the lower class." It surprises me that there should, in justice, be no statement of what is to be said on the other side. Do we not hear day in, day out too much about the virtues of Equality? It is assumed, quite uncritically, to be all good—the orthodoxy of to-day; whereas it is at least as open to criticism as the Victorian Religion of Inequality. Is there nothing to be said for the good influences, the upward pull for a society, of social imitation? It is perhaps the greatest of educative and civilising influences. The good standards set at the top—of public spirit and political courage, of width of view and tolerance, of psychological realism and common-sense, of culture and good manners—have their influence upon the social strata beneath in turn. With the lopping off of the top, all sorts of good influences are lost for the people below. And in place of it, who wants to see the whole society gearing itself to the lowest common denominator, taking its

standards not so much from the people as from the lower middle class?

No doubt if Arnold were with us to-day he would see the other side to the question, contemplating the consequences of too much equality—no salt of initiative, no rewards for enterprise or originality, no sense or appreciation of individual distinction, no response to what is thought or said, no reverberation, not even the ghost of an echo. One is enormously impressed by the ferment of ideas, the enthusiasm and energy, the discussions, the arguments, the sense of a mission, among these late Victorian educationists. Nothing like it to-day: we are a society sated, yet dissatisfied—sated with equality and at the same time discouraged, dispirited, stale. For the truth is that the ideas we have been living on do not hold water; and the Fabian government that exemplifies them are as much a row of extinct volcanoes as Disraeli descried in Gladstone's Reform government of 1868 after it had exhausted itself with its reforms. Meanwhile we should be sorting out what is true from what is *received* in contemporary orthodoxy: such *idées reçues*, for example, as that everybody's views about anything are as good as everybody else's. It is just not so.

But Arnold's positive work, both in the practical field as school-inspector and in the Reports he wrote for the Council on Education, and in the field of ideas—a large proportion of his literary output is devoted to these subjects—now stands out as immensely influential and of continuing importance. It really looks as if English education at the top has lived on his ideas ever since. It is interesting to see that it is precisely this rather unpopular, minority writer who proved to be the forerunner of the twentieth century. He described himself as a Liberal of the future. As a prophet he has had far greater posthumous success

than the major prophets who made so much more noise in his time. Coming to maturity when Free Trade and *laissez-faire* ideas held the field, Arnold pressed all his life for the state to take control of education and to integrate the thing into an harmonious whole. Some of his suggestions as to practical detail have become important parts in the administrative system: he advocated that the state's control should be exercised through local management; his suggested county committees have become the Local Education Authorities. Most of his adult life he spent as an inspector of elementary schools, and in this sphere he had a great influence in upholding standards of humanism and culture. Not that he was unsympathetic to science: he was more so than any other of the humanists: his close friendship with Huxley counted for much. He was very generous and optimistic in his expectations of the working class in the realm of education. He realised, more clearly than most, that the future was with them. "At present their school is . . . rather what the political and governing classes establishing a school for the benefit of the working classes think that such a school ought to be." He thought they "should arrive at clear and just notions of what they want their own school to be and should seek to get it made this." As if they had any idea! To suppose that they had, or have, is a high-minded, middle-class illusion.

Intellectually Arnold is an interesting case. He insisted all his life on the importance of religious teaching in schools. What else could the son of Dr. Arnold have done and at such a time?—as a society "one of the most religious that the world has known."* But that teaching was to be non-sectarian and non-doctrinal; the Bible was to be taught as literature and morality. It is obvious that Arnold did not believe the doctrines of Chris-

tianity—he was an advanced Modernist. Did it not matter whether these doctrines were true or not? Arnold was very English in his attitude; he attached all the more importance to the social value of religious teaching—it became, indeed, in his famous phrase, "morality touched by emotion." Religion without dogma was probably the best practicable basis for his time. But would not a rational basis be better still—now that the doctrinal basis has completely broken down even in popular acceptance; and not only for education but in other social spheres too, that of sex-relations for example. Why not a rational attitude on the subject, without any tabus?

Arnold was not a philosophical mind. One observes in his writings the poverty of any philosophical ideas, the narrowness of his range of abstract thoughts, the thinness even, with his favourite trick of repeating his catchwords. But these very limitations made him all the more influential with the English, and rightly. Unlike the Germans, they distrust metaphysical constructions and are not led by the nose by them. Arnold was no metaphysician: his ideas represented common sense and practical experience, high cultivation, the best of classical culture, great public spirit and much goodness. It is a far stronger combination than any amount of philosophical subtlety. One recalls the philosopher Bradley's criticism of Arnold's ideas; but it is Bradley who is now exploded and forgotten, not Arnold. He continues a living force in English education to-day.

A. L. ROWSE.

*This is the opinion of the historian of the period, R. C. K. Ensor, in *England, 1870-1914*, who knows; as against the ignorant view of George Orwell: "For perhaps a hundred and fifty years organised religion, or conscious religious belief of any kind, have had very little hold on the mass of the English people." *The English People*, p. 14.

A GREAT THEATRE

A GREAT THEATRE

THE OLD VIC 1949-1950 SEASON. Lionel Hale. *Evans*. 7s. 6d.

FOR one growing up in the 'twenties, the Old Vic meant Waterloo Road, gas-light, coster's barrows, Lilian Bayliss and a company doing everything with extraordinary keenness and vitality, but doing it on the cheap. Perhaps the gas-light and the coster's barrows were not really there—memory always inclines to exaggerate, to confuse its dates and to imagine a whiff of Victorian fog lingering on into the years of the post 1914 war disillusion—but there is no doubt about Lilian Bayliss and there is no doubt at all that the Old Vic belonged literally, and metaphorically, to the south of the river to which it has recently and happily returned.

It was the antithesis of the West-end; the accidents of war and of Government finance effected a neat revolution and made the Old Vic all that the West-end had ever dreamed of being; this charming and expensive-looking book of Mr. Lionel Hale's would have caused a popping of eyes and a rich assortment of incredulous epithets had it been hawked round the old audience on the Surrey side. Nor is Mr. Hale commemorating a particularly magnificent season; there was no Sir Laurence Olivier, no Sir Ralph Richardson to grace it; it might even be called an unambitious season for the Old Vic as the Old Vic in the West-end went, but it was a season mounted and launched with a grace and lavishness the old adventure in bringing good plays to the people never knew and probably never wanted to know.

The book, however, is to be looked upon less as a record of a season's work, which consisted of productions of *Love's Labour's Lost*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *A Month in the Country*, *The Miser* and *Hamlet*—the survey, writes Mr. Hale, in his introduction, "should in no circumstances take the form of a 'souvenir programme'"—than as a demonstration of the powers of present-day dramatic criticism. The

theory that dramatic criticism to-day is not what it was is an easy one to demonstrate, but what dramatic criticism was, some sixty years ago, was not so entirely admirable as is so often taken for granted. To be sure the very names of Shaw, Sir Max Beerbohm, and A. B. Walkley, to say nothing of the occasional and luminous presences of Mr. Desmond McCarthy and Henry James, are almost sufficient in themselves to make comparisons seem sacrilege, but often, although not always, the criticism written was less an objective analysis of the play's intentions and performance than a dazzling demonstration of personality and of individual prejudice. Would they always have been able to pierce so quickly to the heart of the matter as Mr. Anthony Cookman, for example, does in one paragraph on *A Month in the Country*, and in the matters of sympathy, of the fair-minded attempt to understand the intentions of the author and producer and judge accordingly, the present is superior to the past.

Although Mr. Hale quotes extensively from his colleagues—and the book would have been appreciably the poorer without Mr. J. C. Trewin's entrancing appreciation of Mr. Miles Malleson's Nathaniel in *Love's Labour's Lost*—it is his essays on four of the plays and Mr. Hope-Wallace on *A Month in the Country* that are the bulk and backbone of the book. Mr. Hale's style is the easier, at once more lyrical and flowing, than that of Mr. Hope-Wallace, but what an acute, clear-headed brilliance there is in Mr. Hope-Wallace's examination of Turgenev's play and of Mr. Michel Saint-Denis's production. This is a masterly piece of analytic writing, spoilt only by a hint now and then of the governess, of the rap of the ruler on the desk. Certain it is that no future anthology of dramatic criticism will be complete without it and without Mr. Hale's appreciation of Mr. Michael Redgrave's *Hamlet*.

DUDLEY CAREW.

MORE ABOUT WELLINGTON

THE JOURNAL OF MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

Edited by Francis Bamford and the Duke of Wellington. *Macmillan*. 63s.

THE reign of George IV was the Indian summer, politically and socially and economically, of a society which had endured in all its splendour and magnificence without any substantial change since the days of Queen Anne. It was an England still confidently and exclusively governed by its great families; an England of active country-house visiting and vast dinner-parties, of extravagant and colourful personalities, of Lady Jersey, the Marquess of Hertford, the Royal Dukes, the Count d'Orsay and the Dandies. It was a decade more thoroughly documented perhaps than any that had preceded. Greville, Creevey, Croker are names that instantly come to mind; but there were others less celebrated. The Princess de Lieven, the Ladies Holland and Granville were all busily immersed in voluminous correspondence. And yet, as if to remind us that the final word has never been said on any period, there now comes at last from the Muniment room in Apsley House the impeccably edited *Journal of Mrs. Arbuthnot*.

As the second wife of a minor but influential office-holder in the Liverpool administration, Harriet Arbuthnot had uncommon opportunities for meeting the political leaders of the day. After allowing (to her confessed shame) five years of such opportunities to pass unrecorded, she began her *Journal* as George IV began his reign. She ended it twelve years later, abruptly and unaccountably, leaving the blotting-paper between the leaves.

What beyond a husband's position, which many another woman enjoyed, were Mrs. Arbuthnot's advantages and qualifications?

The Duke of Wellington once defined feminine ability as the power to anticipate one's meaning. Judged by this standard (if not by many others) his own Duchess

was woefully without capacity. The befitting husband for the Dublin-born Kitty Packenham would have been an undistinguished squireen, not the greatest captain and elder-statesman of his age. But it is precisely to this conjugal incompatibility that Mrs. Arbuthnot's *Journal* owes much of its importance, if not its very inception. Harriet Arbuthnot, clear-headed and capable, loyal and discreet, possessed that essential power of anticipation; and in her house the Duke of Wellington found the companionship, the sympathy and (above all) the understanding he could never find at Apsley House or Stratfield Saye. In return for all this the Duke made her the unqualified receiver of his confidences, unburdening himself in a way he would not have done to any man, certainly not to the sardonic Clerk of the Council. Thus, in the events and crises in which the Duke was involved during those twelve years (and he was involved in most of them), Mrs. Arbuthnot was often as well-informed as the vigilant Greville and sometimes better.

At this point a question will be asked which was asked at the time and has been frequently asked since (for the intimacy between Mrs. Arbuthnot and Wellington was no clandestine affair): what exactly were the relations between the two? If there were any doubts about the answer (and most of the Duke's biographers have had them) they may now be set at rest for all time. No one can read this *Journal*, penned in secret, without a view to later publication, and fail to acquit Mrs. Arbuthnot of the faintest taint of scandal. The absorbing interest of her life was politics, not sex. She was almost certainly (as one of her friends hinted) "devoid of womanly passions." She had even "thanked God" she had never met Lord Byron; "once when he desired it I refused to be introduced to him." No doubt the Duke at first was as eager for an intrigue with Mrs. Arbuthnot as he was to be some years later with the sanctimonious Miss Jenkins: but one can confidently assert that he achieved no more success with the

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first than he did with the second. Harriet Arbuthnot's friendship for the Duke of Wellington was something rarified, something almost disembodied, set upon a plane far above mere carnal considerations.

Two things in particular emerge from this fascinating Journal. The first is the greatness of the Duke of Wellington, the second the littleness of George IV. The one ever prepared to put country before party, personal interest or convenience; the other judging every question from the narrow standpoint of his own comfort or caprice. The pen of Mrs. Arbuthnot delineates what is perhaps the most intimate portrait of the Duke which we possess; and what we see is the figure of a statesman-soldier, wise, patriotic, high-minded and forbearing. What other contemporary statesman (with the possible exception of Peel) would have refused promotion to Cabinet rank to the husband of his most intimate friend (as Wellington did to Charles Arbuthnot) because his conscience told him that "in filling offices he ought only to consider who will best do the King's business"? And Arbuthnot, despite his exemplary record as a Tory office-holder was a silent member of the House of Commons.

Of George IV, on the other hand, we get a picture of a thoroughly shameless, selfish and irritable monarch; thinking at one critical moment "of nothing but upholstery and his buildings" and at another making a vital return to London dependent upon the confinement of Lady Conyngham's daughter. "Anybody who could have seen his disgusting figure (wrote Mrs. Arbuthnot of the Coronation) with a wig, the curls of which hung down his back and quite bending beneath the weight of his robes and his 60 years would have been quite sick."

Though Mrs. Arbuthnot's Journal will take its place among contemporary authorities, it is obvious that not all it contains is of equal reliability. A four-square Tory herself, her preferences and prejudices necessarily affect her judgment. A notable instance of this is provided by Lord Castlereagh. Of Wellington she

could on occasions be critical, even to the extent of high words; but Castlereagh, especially after his tragic death, is above criticism. Thus she could find not one redeeming feature in Canning, scathingly dismissed as his "*ungentlemanlike* opponent." Equally indefensible to her were Reform and Reformers. "We have got the cholera at Sunderland. I think it a far inferior evil to the Reform Bill." This comment made at the height of the Reform crisis proved to be a poignant one. Within three years Mrs. Arbuthnot, in her thirty-ninth year, fell a victim to that dreaded scourge.

Six months later the inconsolable husband took up permanent residence at Apsley House and there, in the concluding words of the editors' introduction, "the two ageing men lived together united, without a tinge of jealousy, in their memories of the same woman."

W. BARING PEMBERTON.

CELTIC TWILIGHT IN MODERATION.

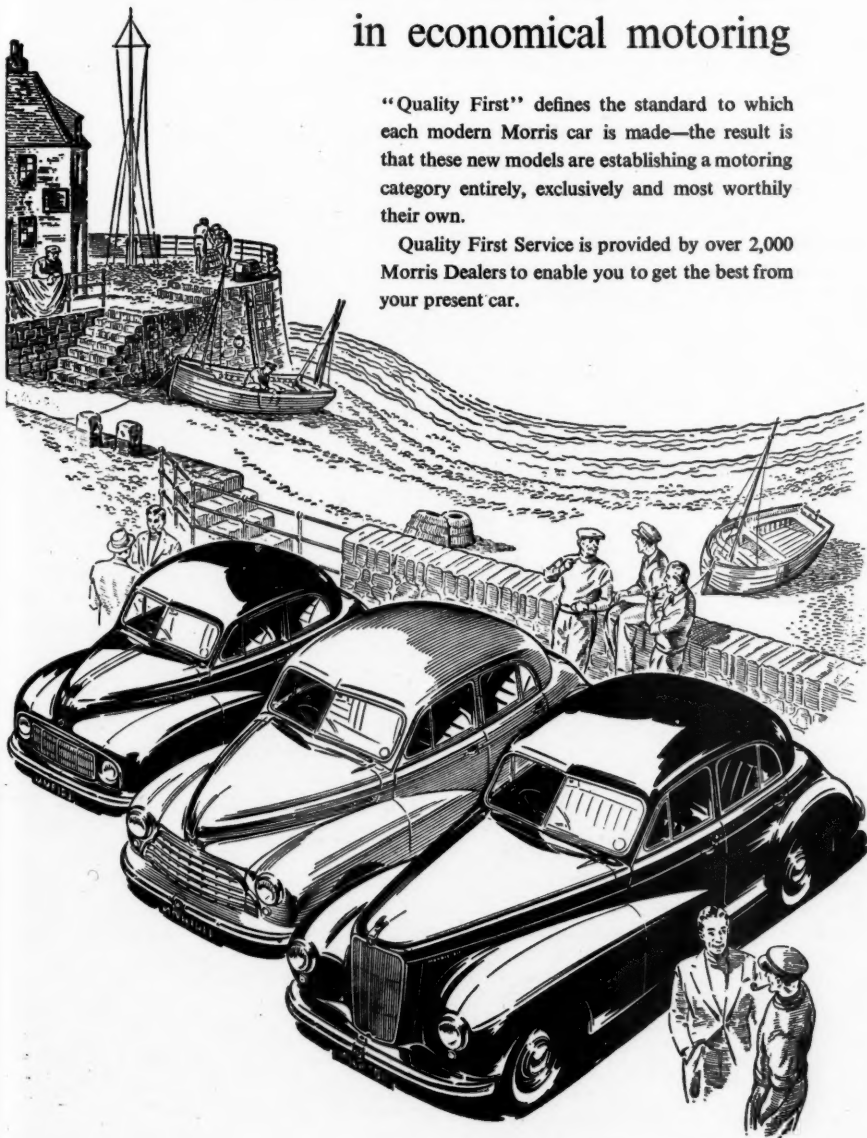
TURF BENEATH MY FEET. By Garry Hogg.
Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.

FROM Norman times up to the present day there has been a succession of foreign travellers eager to report their impressions of Ireland and its inhabitants. Usually they have approached the topic with supreme self-confidence and a considerable air of patronage. Amongst these there have been men of note, and first came Giraldus Cambrensis, the so-called "father of modern journalism." He crossed the Irish Sea in the train of Prince John and wrote travel sketches which, though in the Latin tongue, are curiously modern in method. In a well-known passage he suggests that Celtic minstrels in the twelfth century were skilled masters of polyphony. Later, in the reign of Elizabeth, Fynes Morrison penned a highly entertaining account of the savages (to his notion) of Ulster, as did a Spanish

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castaway from the Armada, a probably unwilling guest in Donegal Castle of the O'Donnell of the period. At the end of the eighteenth century Arthur Young made his pilgrimages through parts of France and Ireland and described in grim detail the agricultural miseries that he encountered; whilst in early Victorian days Thackeray wrote in facetiously "broth-of-a-boy" style of Erin as he found it.

And at last we come to Mr. Garry Hogg's *Turf Beneath My Feet*, one of the best books on the subject ever put together. There is no patronising here. This author clearly visited the island in a spirit of reverent enquiry, and he asserts (almost incredibly) that he had never before set foot upon Irish earth. This is certainly the appropriately modest attitude, for Ireland is very different from all other countries and not easy for every stranger to understand. One sensitive creative artist of my acquaintance found the atmosphere of south-western Eire so positively hostile that he fled incontinently back to England after a single night in Kenmare.

In one of his recent books, and referring to his own West Galway, Dr. Oliver Gogarty asks his reader the sinister question, "Are you certain that you are worthy to cross the Shannon westwards?" Then the authoresses of the *Irish R.M.* inform us that Ireland is the only country where water flows uphill, and furthermore that it is a land where the impossible is quite likely to happen, whilst the inevitable never does so. And has not G. K. Chesterton announced flamboyantly that

"The great Gaels of Ireland
Are men the gods drove mad,
For all their wars are merry,
And all their songs are sad"?

In view of these rather uncanny peculiarities it is wise in the intending visitor to approach this strange and almost improbably lovely world in a state of receptive innocence.

Turf Beneath My Feet is a fine book. In his introductory sentences Mr. Garry Hogg accuses himself of sentimentalism.

If to write of Ireland with tenderness and charm is to be sentimental then the author's self-impeachment must stand. But anyway there is no harp, shamrock and wolfhound blather, nor is there any mention of the Colleen Bawn—or even of Kathleen ni Hoolihan (though he *did* make a successful search for an authentic colleen).

Our author's style is alert, rapid and picturesque, flashing into real brilliance at times—particularly in his long description of Puck Fair with the apparently dead girl attending the news-reel operators in her preposterously high-heeled shoes. One's interest in his narrative never flags, and he is ever effective down to the smallest detail. Another high spot is his loving picture of the country about Glencolumcille in Donegal, and of his weary trudge up and down Slieve League. It is to me surprising that although Mr. Hogg admits to considerable agerophobia when peering down at the sea from the edge of the Cliffs of Moher he makes no allusion to any such unpleasant sensation at the summit of Slieve League, more than three times the average height of the County Clare cliffs. Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that, ascending from Malinmore as he did, he would have the sea visible on his right all the way, and so became gradually accustomed to what was to come. From anyone going up from the South the sea is hidden by the landward bulk of the mountain itself, so that when it bursts into view at a height of almost two thousand feet, the sudden sight of the Atlantic horizon tilted half-way up the sky is to some people completely overwhelming.

There is not a word in this book about Irish history, politics or religion; as some may think, an excellent omission. There is no possible doubt that after a perusal of *Turf Beneath My Feet* Dr. Gogarty himself would eagerly grant the author a passport to any part of the West, with the hope that he might return and write again.

The book is pleasantly illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

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Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.

THE sense of place conveyed by *The Passionate North* is so vivid that it subdues to some extent the human characters in the ten pieces which William Sansom has collected under this title. The author is fully aware of this; it is indeed deliberate. The stories are all set in the far north of Europe, in Lapland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and northern Scotland, countries which have their individualities, but which are bound

together by the omnipotence of winter. "Climate has given the northerner," says Sansom in his foreword, "no ease with the sun but a dark, passionate desire for it, a long, ecstatic brooding." Balzac, too, believed in the "passionate north"; he placed it "in Lancashire where women die for love." "Long, ecstatic brooding" is certainly a characteristic of Scandinavian literature, the malignant and obscure native myths have left an indelible legacy. Yet the main pre-occupation of Sansom's stories is with colour, the infinite gradations of light on snow, green, blue and violet waters beneath dark pine woods, cities with cream and yellow buildings, churches with copper domes, log fires shining on glass and silver, the pictorial evocation is complete and it gives the purest pleasure. The trick of loading a slight episode, a chance encounter, with the weight of a lifetime is perfectly mastered by the writer but it is not, I think, his particular excellence. That, I would



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Novels

say, is the quality of his writing, his choice and balance of words. The stories deal with rather commonplace and uncontentious people but they all have the quality of enchantment, the spell which bewitched the writer is communicated; even when the setting is a poor room or a cheap café, the quality of the preciousness of light, of warmth, of love, is conveyed. To read this book is a wholly pleasurable experience and it will be re-read frequently.

Sansom's writing shows what can be done with words, pictorially and audibly, by a writer of sensitive detachment. O'Flaherty needs to be immersed in his material if he is to write his best, and *Insurrection*, I think, is of his best. It lacks the terrible, stark passion of *Famine*, but it is wiser and more humane. It deals with an episode of the Easter Rebellion; a young Irishman on his way back to Connemara with the money earned in munition making in England, is robbed and stranded in Dublin. Emptied of his immediate prospects, he becomes involved, at first accidentally but afterwards by choice, with a party of Volunteers fighting around the Post Office. His attachment to his officer, Michael Kinsella, has the true heroic status, and Kinsella himself is a thoughtful, sympathetic character, aware that in drawing on the hero-worship of this simple countryman he is "releasing the evil in him." The tale is a perfectly formed tragedy; if we did not know the history we should know the end and the simplicity of the narrative is compulsive. Nobody could possibly put the book down unfinished. It contains also the best picture of the Dublin mob since James Joyce.

There is an unfortunate absence of the compulsive about *The Dolphin in the Wood*—a diffuse and perplexing novel with stretches of great lyrical beauty and deep understanding but with many elements which somehow do not ring true. The writer, Ralph Bates, will be remembered by two novels of the Spanish Civil War (*Lean Men* and *The Olive Grove*) which, whether one read them sympathetically or not, were, as novels, entirely successful.

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HUTCHINSON

The Dolphin in the Wood is the story of Roger Frome, born about the beginning of the century into a somewhat unclassifiable social position in the Wiltshire village of Stanton Parva. The surrounding countryside is described with something of the quality of Hardy, and, like Hardy's, the characters seem rather "written up" to support the pattern: but since the pattern is less sure and the landscape less doom-ridden than Hardy's, the result is a curious confusion of authenticity. A lot of this book seems unquestionably to have been lived as it is described, the insight into the childhood of Roger Frome and his relations with the girl Ruth shows the writer at his best. But I did not find Sally, nor yet Will, the sturdy English countryman upon whom so much of the plot devolves, entirely convincing, and the handling of the "dramatic" interest—the mystery of Will's death in the 1914 war and the boy Roger's violent reaction to the discovery of the truth—is not as skilful

as it might be. In spite of isolated scenes between Roger and Ruth which catch the subtle gradations of their feelings as they grow up, we lose interest in Roger himself and the book ends inconclusively, as life may but novels may not.

Mr. Cronin is a master of the mechanics of the novel. He deals in no subtleties, his choice of words is obvious, his choice of situations, to say the least, unoriginal. Yet with a lot of second-rate props he nearly always does a first-class job. This time I think he has excelled himself; he has even imported a little delicacy and true feeling into this story of a possessive father and his jealousy of the young Spanish gardener who wins his young son's affections. It is melodramatic, of course, but it is superbly readable and it is the best novel he has written since *The Stars Look Down*.

Miss Josephine Tey would get full marks for one thing, even if she did not have so many other excellent gifts. She has pro-

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duced a "police-gentleman" who is completely sympathetic, never superior or patronising and not diabolically clever. She is also extraordinarily good at introducing that faint note of sinister possibility regarding a character which is so much more effective than the old-fashioned playing up and writing down of suspects. The faint note is sounded in the first chapter of *To Love and Be Wise*, where policeman and victim momentarily meet at a cocktail party. For the rest, there is a perfect "artistic" village colony, with a masterpiece of Victorian baronial inhabited by a best-selling lady novelist, a Georgian gem belonging to a fashionable playwright, and a professionally squalid cottage belonging to a successful portrayer of rural perversity. There is also a charming and intelligent actress and some very good meals. The mystery? It isn't insoluble by the laity, but nobody could mind in a book as well written and as civilised as this one.

RUBY MILLAR.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

By GEOFFREY DEARMER

CHILDREN up to the age of about eleven are avid readers of anything they can understand, with a preference for the easier and the inferior. It is unwise to damp any enthusiasm for reading. Piffle is to many a necessary preliminary to Parnassus. A girl of twelve, whom I have reason to know well, and whose taste hitherto has been deplorable, suddenly began reading the admirable works of "B.B." (D. J. Watkins-Pitchford); perhaps the best of all living animal story writers, H. Mortimer Batten; the stories of Elinor Lyon and other good authors, and recently with unexpected enthusiasm, *Silas Marner*. She has not yet, I regret to say, responded to the appeal of the best author for children of the last half century or more, E. Nesbit, many of whose books

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For Children

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have recently been reissued by Messrs. Benn, the three best charmingly illustrated by C. Walter Hodges—I mean *The Treasure Seekers*, *The New Treasure Seekers* and *The Would-Be-Goods*, all at 7s. 6d. E. Nesbit is, of course, not a new author, but I am in the same bewildered quandary as any other parent or god-parent. I cannot advise the would-be buyer of would-be-good books with any confidence if the purchaser demands the pick of the best. There is the usual plethora of bad, goodish or better new books. I cannot read and compare more than a quota. I am bound to remind the reader that he can safely buy, say a Kitty Barne, an Enid Bagnold, a John Buchan, a Gerald Bullett (*The Happy Mariners*), a Peter Dawlish (his "Dauntless" stories are excellent), Mary Dunn's *Mossy Green Theatre*, Elizabeth Goudge's *Henrietta's House*, a Milne, a Masfield, Mary Norton's *The Magic Bedknob*, a Ransome, a Malcolm Saville, any one of Noel Streatfeild's first-rate stories about children, the circus and the theatre, and Barbara Euphan Todd's *Worzel Gummidge*.

Many classic children's authors have recently been reprinted—*The Secret Garden* (F. Hodgson Burnett), Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Molesworth's *The Cuckoo Clock* and *The Tapestry Room*—the latter being one of the prettiest stories she ever wrote. Mrs. Molesworth deserves the persistent claim of posterity. No writer has ever understood so well as she the stuff, texture and limitations of the young child's mind. To read her aloud is to read without interruption and always without boredom, and to appreciate, as of course a child does not, her marvellous absorption of material, which is one of the marks of lasting literature.

We adults, not children, are responsible for the purchase of the better books. This is not by any means entirely a moral responsibility. Younger children have to be read to. It's no fun to read a bad book aloud: but it is fun to read a good one. Who could fail to enjoy reading aloud *The Wind in the Willows*, for instance? It is irritating to have to edit and paraphrase, even to be obliged to alter words one

dislikes, such as "colourful" and "commence," "dainty" and "tasty," and all those lapses into patronage which are the bane of the writer-down. It is true that a child will not appreciate how appallingly true to life is Mr. Toad in Kenneth Grahame's masterpiece, for instance, but no child can fail to feel the vitality of that incorrigible but not wholly unattractive bouncer.

In 1899 Helen Bannerman's *Little Black Sambo* was first published. It is now reissued, together with *Little Black Mingo*, by Chatto and Windus at 3s., with, of course, the original illustrations. Messrs. Nisbet offer the hardly inferior *Little Black Quibba* and *Little Black Quasha* (Sambo's feminine counterpart) at the same price.

Another and, of course, much greater classic, Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus*, has now been reprinted complete and unabridged. It is a large volume, splendidly illustrated by Rene Clarke, and published by P. R. Gawthorne Ltd., at the very modest price of 8s. 6d. I put this book at the very top of my recommendations. *Uncle Remus* is unique. Once he has been introduced to the hearth, he will abide there, the greatest of story-tellers from the cotton-fields of the West, and the most charming of old men of fiction, or more probably of fact.

Discerning parents are probably already familiar with the Rev. W. Awdry's delightfully written and illustrated *Thomas the Tank Engine* (Edmund Ward, 4s.). The latest is *Troublesome Engines* who are Getting Above Themselves.

For five or six-year-olds, cheap and attractive, are the six fairy stories prettily illustrated in colour and line and well retold by Constance Woodhead. These *Sunbeam Stories* are published by Frederick Warne at 1s. 6d. each. The print is large and the little books are ideal for children who have just learnt to read. For children from four to eight, I take a very happy view of *Mr. Rouse Builds His House* (Gaberbochus Press, 31 King's Road, S.W.3, 4s. 9d.). The story in verse and prose is a jerry-built joy, so are the square pages and the 122 delightful

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Thomas Merton

Foreword by Robert Speaight

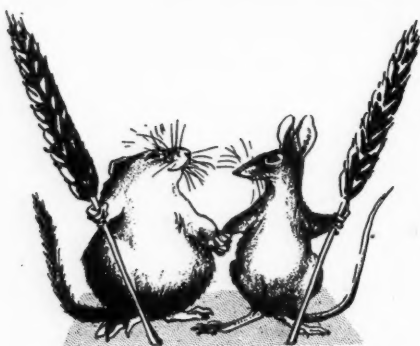
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illustrations. More literary are the charming *Drowsy Dormouse* stories by Elf Lewis Clarke. There are four of these (O.U.P., 3s. 6d. each) and the drawing above is a good example of Arnrid Johnston's line.

Messrs. Faber and Faber are quite right when they claim for Alison Uttley that she writes genuine fairy stories. You won't find pixies, gnomes, or stock Court characters in *The Cobbler's Shop*. The

dozen stories are all fresh, with an exquisite eye for detail and a tenderness that is never sentimental. This is an ideal book for children bothered by nightmares or any other adversity in the Litany of their troubles.

Now for School stories. There was a time when these were mainly about boys' schools; now they are mainly about girls'. For boys I wish confidently to recommend two books first published in 1908 about a character who made me laugh aloud. This is a boy named Totty, rightly described in the first title as *A Perfect Genius*. Totty is not one of those mischief makers as tiresome in fiction as they are in real life. The fourteen episodes which manifest his high standard for wizard schemes of ingenious originality are a delight. Totty's creator, Bertram Smith, wrote in that faintly ironic schoolmasterly style which I always find entertaining when well done, and which is too seldom adopted nowadays. The setting in the past gives a flavour of convincing actuality to Totty's

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Books For Children

escapades. Equally good is the sequel, *Totty, The Truth about Ten Mysterious Terms*. Both books are published by Latimer House Ltd. at 5s., and very cheap, too, for such a unique boy, who will keep more ordinary children absorbed for hours.

There remain for me to notice in my list of recommendations three books which are on the borderline between books for the young and books for adults, and which therefore appeal to both. My first is not strictly a new book. It is Aubrey Feist's *High Barbary* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.). It is a tale of adventure in England and Algeria, and contains one of the finest and fattest smiling villains in modern fiction, one Calamanco. Aubrey Feist knows his setting and how to create and maintain suspense.

So do the authors of probably the two best thrillers of the season, possibly of the year—*The City of Frozen Fire* by Vaughan Wilkins (Cape, 9s. 6d.); and *Blackadder* by John Keir Cross (Muller, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Wilkins (the author of *And So—Victoria*) lacks the brilliant twist for surprise characteristic of Feist and Keir Cross. On the other hand, his range is greater, and his thrilling story of the quest for a lost land with pirates and ship-wrecked convicts in opposition, explores a new world.

Blackadder is as exciting an escape and smuggler story as there is in Napoleonic War fiction, and is a prize book in every sense of the word. So is Agnes Allen's well illustrated, highly informative and equally readable *The Story of the Highway* (Faber, 9s. 6d.) in which two children go into the past and return to discuss the absorbing story of our British roads in the light of their experiences and their uncle's most considerable knowledge.

Aubrey de Sélincourt in *Odysseus the Wanderer* (Bell, 8s. 6d.) tells the great Homeric story in just the right style. Children can't afford to remain ignorant of Greek mythology—god-parents, please note—and Aubrey de Sélincourt knows as much about ships and sailing as Odysseus did.

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

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"GREAT ARGUMENT"

By J. R. APPLEBEY

DURING the last two months, discussion of a possible revaluation of the £—perhaps to \$3, perhaps to \$3.20—has been going on all over the world. The possibility has been taken so seriously that part of Western Germany's initial deficit with EPU is probably due to exceptional precautionary purchases of sterling area products; the long rise in the gilt-edged market in London has certainly owed something to the investment of foreign funds, not least of American funds, placed here in anticipation of purchases of commodities and as an insurance against an exchange loss. Last year the belief that sterling would be devalued led to a withdrawal from sterling; lately the possibility that it might be revalued has had the exactly opposite and complementary effect of making sterling desirable.

What is it that has led to this belief that sterling might be revalued? First and foremost has been the rise in the gold and dollar reserve of the sterling area. At the end of September the reserve stood at \$2,756 m.—a rise of \$334 m. on the quarter, to which the surplus of the sterling area had contributed \$187 m. During the quarter and since, commodity prices, especially the prices of the dollar earning sterling area commodities, have steadily risen. Since the return from these cannot have been fully reflected in the third quarter, and since direct dollar exports from the United Kingdom are still rising, it is confidently expected that the current quarter will show a further rise, perhaps even greater than last quarter's. Since the tide of dollars is

running in the United Kingdom's favour why not take advantage of it?

Associated with this argument are others. At the time of devaluation sterling was deliberately fixed at a rate that was believed to be below its real value in order to ensure that the dollar reserve would rise. If \$2.80 was believed to be slightly below the £'s true value last September, it must surely be significantly below it now, when world commodity prices have risen under the impulse of the unexpected American prosperity of the first part of the year, and under that of re-armament and increased stockpile buying. Secondly, the new world situation has transformed the American balance of payments. The American export surplus has diminished to vanishing point and America is actually losing gold. The weakness of the dollar is the strength of the £. Thirdly, how is the rising cost of living in Britain to be countered, unless, as one of the weapons, revaluation of sterling is used to turn the terms of trade in the United Kingdom's favour? Finally, though this is a question that looks rather farther ahead, can Britain afford not to revalue the £ before her very heavy liabilities in dollars, resulting from the American and Canadian loans and from Marshall Aid, fall due for payment?

Looking at this side of the case alone the arguments for revaluation seem very strong indeed—especially since, on the other side, no one seriously denies that, at the moment, the £ is in fact undervalued. But it so happens that the theoretical case against revaluing the £ (in so far as it is possible to weigh this kind of thing),

"GREAT ARGUMENT"

is just as strong. On this side the first argument, which has been expressed several times by Mr. Gaitskell, is that, though the reserve has been rising, it has not yet reached anything like what could be regarded as a safe level, even in normal times. The purpose of the reserve is to safeguard the sterling area against the effects of an American recession; and for this it would certainly have to be a good deal larger than at present. While it is true that, if sterling is undervalued, the reserve would probably rise faster after a revaluation than it is rising at present, the Government is prepared to forgo any temporary advantage which might result, in favour of the long-term certainty that at \$2.80 some rise will continue. In this sense the loss of foreign exchange, if any, is a kind of insurance premium in reverse. It is not, in fact, however, by any means certain that, even at the present exchange rate, the flow of dollars will not fall away in the fairly near

future. The increase in dollars has been very largely due, not to an increase in earnings at all, but to reductions in expenditure. The Trade and Navigation figures suggest that the United Kingdom, for example, has executed more than a 25 per cent. cut in her imports from the United States and from Canada. The pressure for restoring at least some of this cut is growing; even without a greater volume of dollar imports the cost is now certain to rise merely with the rise in prices. And there is more to it than this. In spite of everything, there might be a recession in America as early as next spring; it is not yet known what effect on our dollar balance of payments the rearmament programme will have; in the immediate future we are certain to suffer some reduction in Marshall Aid; finally increased wage demands at home are certain now to be granted in some degree, and no one knows to what extent this may upset the present balance of economic

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forces. Though the Government itself has not yet made this point, one might add that any administration which pursues full employment by deliberately keeping the economy on the edge of inflation, can never be sure that it will not depreciate its own currency, by going just a little too far. If this should happen at a time when world prices are falling (as happened last year) we might then have considerable difficulty in avoiding another devaluation.

No one can balance the force of these arguments to anyone else's satisfaction. Those who have inhibitions about profits may be influenced by an entirely different consideration; that if any change in the rate is made, someone is bound to make a windfall profit. The practical question, however,—will the £ in fact be revalued?—is rather different; and it is one which can be answered unhesitatingly. Since the world elected to pursue a system of fixed exchange rates, the rate of a major currency (such as sterling) cannot be changed without profound and unexpected repercussions all over the world. Since a change can only be made, as it were once in a lifetime, it has to be a substantial change when it is made. The British Government, therefore—as indeed was demonstrated last year—will only change the rate of the £ when the pressures and strains which result from not changing it become absolutely intolerable. An undervaluation of the £, moreover, does not produce such disastrous effects as its overvaluation. The £ will not be revalued unless or until it becomes absolutely necessary to do so to counter the rise in the cost of living.

All arguments about the £ "come out by the same door as in they went." Are we then discussing the right question? In a world in which prices fluctuate violently, and in which the price levels of different countries move independently of each other, would not each country retain a better control of its own destiny if it had some more flexible control over its exchange rate?

J. R. APPLEBEY.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

WE owe the outstanding record in the November lists to the idealism of a man who lives thousands of miles away in India, the Maharajah of Mysore. The choice of Balakirev's first symphony in C major bears witness to the Maharajah's deep interest in pre-Soviet Russian music, and may be taken as a precursor of much more music off the beaten track which we may expect from the same enlightened source. Balakirev was a most imaginative composer and this symphony, scored for a large orchestra, is a fine sample, from his all too small output, of his original genius. The first two movements are continuously exciting and lively and in the third, which has a beautiful clarinet melody as its main theme, the composer shows his partiality for the quasi-oriental kind of sensuous music with which Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakov have made us so familiar. A superbly rhythmic finale concludes this fascinating work. The performance—Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra—and recording are of the finest quality (Columbia LX 1323-28). Beethoven's first piano concerto in C major, played by Giesecking (to which I alluded last month) has now come to hand. For my part I like the early Beethoven increasingly and take particular pleasure in this charming concerto. The piano tone is rather tubby but it is Giesecking's fine musicianship that counts and makes the issue worth buying. The conductor of the Philharmonia Orchestra is, on this occasion, unnamed. Refreshingly modest though this seems to be there are some poor patches of recording that perhaps caused the anonymity (Columbia LX 1312-5). A new recording of Elgar's violin concerto has long been due—the one made by Menuhin with the composer as conductor being now a historical treasure—and this is provided by Heifetz, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sargent. Heifetz is an unpredictable artist. Technically always im-

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peccable, he can play as if, so to speak, he was merely the equivalent of the grin of the Cheshire cat in "Alice" after that engaging animal had vanished. At other times he can invest what he plays with great lyrical beauty and sensitive phrasing. Fortunately this is an occasion of the latter kind. Sargent's conducting, too, seems to express a deep affection for the lovely work and the balance and recording are excellent (H.M.V. DB 21056-60).

Some years ago Solomon showed us that it was possible to play the celebrated Nocturne in E flat by Chopin as if it had just been composed, and now again he makes nonsense of the catch-phrase "hackneyed" by his fresh approach to the equally celebrated first piano concerto by Tchaikovsky, which he plays with wonderful artistry and virtuosity, accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Dobrowen. The recording is in every way admirable (H.M.V. C 3996-9). Isaac Stern gives us an equally fine performance of Tchaikovsky's violin concerto, well accompanied by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Hilsberg, but the recording is not of so high a standard (Columbia LX 1316-9).

There are some more additions to the Bach bi-centenary repertoire. These are a delightful and well recorded performance of the B minor Suite with Gareth Morris (flute), George Malcolm (harpsichord) and Anthony Bernard conducting the London Chamber Orchestra (H.M.V. C 4032-4), and one of the most attractive of all Bach's keyboard Suites, the Partita in B flat major, superbly played by Dinu Lipatti (Columbia LX 8744-5). It is a joy to find that this grand pianist, so long crippled by severe illness, is able to play again. (By the way, Bach's 67th Church Cantata, *Hold in Affection Jesus Christ*, has now been issued on Decca AX 347-8, and is a different performance from that on the L.P. issue, although the same forces are used.)

Take particular note of Shura Cherkassky, whose performance of Chopin's early E minor Nocturne Op. 72, published posthumously, is, with some other pieces by the same composer on this

RECORD REVIEW

record, the finest Chopin playing I have heard for years (H.M.V. DB 21137).

The pick of the few operatic records this month are the *Brindisi*, with soloists and chorus, from Verdi's *Otello* and, on the reverse, Leonard Warren's really moving performance of *Di Provenza il Mar* from *La Traviata* (Warren is the Iago in the *Otello* excerpt) (H.M.V. DB 21135); Marenka's Lament from Smetana's *Bartered Bride*, beautifully sung by Sena Jurinac (H.M.V. DB 21136); and, best of all, Boris Christoff's magnificent singing of the Viking's song from Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sadko* and Prince Gallitsky's song from Act I of Borodin's *Prince Igor* (H.M.V. DB 21127). All these are well recorded.

Finally, there is a complete recording of Mozart's *Requiem*, with Tassinari, Stignani, Tagliavini, and Tajo, the chorus and orchestra of E.I.A.R., the conductor de Sabata. The considerable echo lends life to the recording, the soloists do well (if no more), the chorus is excellent and some fine playing comes from the orchestra. My chief criticism of a well recorded performance is that the conductor is apt to over-dramatise the music and fails to give it much intimacy (H.M.V. DB 9541-8).

This month is dry of any good light music.

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